JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of Cover.

No. 123723

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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SPLENDID! THANKS!!

One does not hear this or a similar expression of glad feeling as often as one could wish, and its absence is frequently due to man's dilatoriness in exercising a proper care for his health. The habit of procrastination is strong in human nature. A slight indisposition, a feeling of being a bit "below par," is given very little heed to, with the result that alarming symptoms often ensue. It is a truism that most sickness takes its rise in indigestion, or a torpid state of the Liver and Bowels, conditions where

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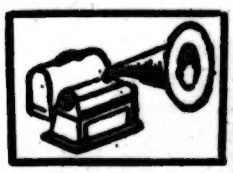

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Vol. V. No. 131. Saturday, December 5th, 1908. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes. EVERY EVENING, at 8, Mr. George Edwardes' production HAVANA, a musical play. MATINEE TO-D Y SATURDAY), 2. Box-office open daily, 10 to 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwardes, EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play, with music, entitled
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Boxing Day and every day at 2 and 7.30. Telephone: 1004 Hop.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

How can we adequately express our gratitude to the army of friends who have sent us their sympathy in connection with the pending prosecution? We should be callous indeed if our eyes had not been wet as we have read some of their letters. Indeed, every post brings us encouragement and comfort and offers of practical help. But for the present, at all events, we prefer to bear the whole burden. If, when the exact character of the proceedings are before the world, or when the fight is over, our good friends are still willing to co-operate to lessen the strain, we may then gratefully accept their assistance. To-day, unaided—except for loving sympathy—we go into the battle. To arms!

"If you see it in JOHN BULL—it *is* so." Writing in this column on July 18th we stated, "The Licensing Bill is doomed. It will be thrown out by the Lords, and the Government will not go to the country on it." The Lords have thrown it out and the Government remains smugly in office. "If the Peers think they are going to force a dissolution, they are very much mistaken," says one of its principal supporters! Was ever political cynicism more concisely expressed? Is it any wonder that in contemplating Party Politics the man in the street says "A plague on both of you"? And what becomes of the brave protestations of the Prime Minister and others that the Ministry was prepared to stand or fall, to stake their all, on the Licensing Bill? What becomes of the theory of representative government—of trust in the People—of government of the People, by the People, for the People? Let us have no more cant about "filling the cup." Filling the cup! Why, we are already drinking out of the saucer.

We are invited to take a ticket for a dinner at the National Liberal Club "at which the Prime Minister has consented to be present, to convey to him some recognition of the service rendered by him to THE HIGHEST INTERESTS OF NATIONAL LIFE in connection with the Licensing Bill." We have emphasised a few words to call attention to the fact that the doleful Committee who are promoting the feast consider that the highest interests of national life are best served by the annihilation of the Liberal party. And *what* a Committee. Sir John Brunner, whose family is closely allied to the Brewery trade; Mr. John Ellis, who recently told a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon gathering that numbers of his fellow M.P.'s were on the brink of ruin by drink; Leif Jones, who divides the supporters and opponents of the Bill into the hosts of heaven and hell respectively; Eugene Wason, the most lugubrious man in the House—and Sir Thos. Whittaker, the financial journalist who advised the public to invest in Brewery shares, and Chairman of a Temperance and Provident Institution which sinks part of its capital in Licensed property! No, we don't think we shall go to the dinner. One word more. Tickets, "EXCLUSIVE OF WINE," are 7s. 6d.!

With reference to our recent remarks upon the mental condition of the Kaiser, we have received during the past week striking confirmation in the opinion expressed by Professor Lambroso, in a letter published on November 22nd. The Professor is the highest living authority upon the disease from which the Kaiser suffers. He was asked to write an article upon the Kaiser, but after working upon it for some time he tore it up, and declared that his conviction was that "the temperament of the Kaiser was not normal," but that he thought it better for the peace of the world not to publish it. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Standard*, "at the time of the Imperial cruise in Russian and Norwegian waters there were some very strange stories circulated by the officers with whom he had been in daily contact." Unhappily, there is not the faintest likelihood of the Kaiser getting the better of the disease. On the contrary, medical opinion assumes that it must end in madness.

Commenting upon the humble apology made to us by the printers of an insignificant sheet entitled *Public Interest*, the first number of which was also the last, the ex-editor springs up in another place like a jack-in-the-box to complain (1) that our writ against the printer was issued in Birmingham (though he has an office in London)—which isn't true; (2) that only the printer was served with a writ—which is true, as we saw no advantage in suing an undischarged bankrupt for damages; (3) that "the editor of the paper, who is also the author of the article, is known to Mr. Horatio Bottomley." It was precisely because the ex-editor was known to us that we elected to take no notice of him.

We wonder that it has not occurred to plain people that, when a Liberal Government is in power, it would be more sensible to introduce contentious measures first in the House of Lords, instead of wasting many weeks on futile debate in the House of Commons.

If the decision of the Court of Appeal is upheld by the Lords, a mortal blow has been struck at Labour representation in Parliament. But a short amending Act would put the thing right, although the principle of a compulsory levy *might* afford an argument for a preliminary referendum.

Since our last issue, Sir Ralph Littler, K.C., has passed to a higher court. One of his last acts was to issue a writ for libel against us. In the course of a rather severe comment on his public defence of some of his much-criticised long sentences, we made an unfortunate slip of the pen through momentary confusion of personalities. Briefly, we put the responsibility of the Beck case on him, when, in fact, as everybody except ourselves remembered, he was not the judge in that affair. It was one of those momentary lapses which the busy journalist, with the best will and intent in the world to keep to the facts, is at times liable to. Sir Ralph caught us, and rightly caught us; and though we should gladly have given the explanation and apology without the writ, and done him full justice, the opportunity to do so was not afforded us. Sir Ralph exercised his legal right, and we do not complain that he did so. But now that Death has removed him, we hasten to do his memory the honourable reparation we should have tendered him in life.

As it is, his death puts an end to the storm of criticism which assailed his ideas of justice, but we do not suppose that he will be deeply mourned by any members of the criminal classes. He seems to have been actuated rather by a mistaken policy than by cruelty or want of thought. Indeed, his friends were unanimous in considering him a good fellow. He was kind and generous, and, like many open-handed persons, often in pecuniary difficulties. It was by no means unusual for him to be so pushed as to have occasion to borrow a few hundreds at a high rate of usury. He had a very choice collection of smoking-room stories, and few people who confronted his sphinx-like countenance on the Bench ever dreamed of the existence of the other Littler who roared with merry laughter in the small hours of the morning. Peace to his ashes!

"Bobs" is suffering from invasionitis. In his mind's eye he sees the conquering alien pouring across the briny in armed transports, sacking our cities, desolating our homes, and generally reducing us to pulp. His lordship has become a scarehead of the deepest dye. Not satisfied with encouraging little boys to pop at little targets with little rifles, he now demands that we should keep a million men under arms to terrify the Teutons. The way in which this campaign against Germany is kept alive with fair as well as false words by prominent personages in this country is little short of criminal. If war does come, it will be because such men as "Bobs" have persistently fed the flames of jingoism. The whole business is wicked; there is no other epithet for it. The answer to "Bobs" is that with a two-Power Navy England does not want a million Territorials at an annual cost of £20,000,000. By the time the British Parliament, on the mandate of the British people, creates a home force of that size, we shall have degenerated into a nation of monomaniacs.

Mr. Randle William Gascoyne-Cecil, the young gentleman who was careful in the selection of the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil as his parent, has been sent home by the University authorities at Oxford, who have evidently had enough of him. Mr. Cecil is the high-class young gentleman who, with other undergraduates, was charged with assaulting low-class policemen on the night of the fifth of November, and fined in a low-class police-court for the same. It was this charge which inspired his high-class, reverend, and lordly father to write to *The Times* that high-class letter which we all read with so much profit. As if to prove that he really was as high-class as the paternal estimate, that he had "the high spirits of innocent and pure youth," and that he had benefited by being "brought in contact with cultured and refined Oxford dons," Mr. Cecil stayed out the other evening, and was found by another low-class policeman long after midnight shying stones at the windows of Balliol College. He was again taken to the police station, being subsequently handed over to those cultured and refined Oxford dons for whom the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil has so great an admiration, with the result aforementioned. Evidently the high-spirited and high-class young gentleman would be no worse off for a high-class paternal whacking.

Why will people leave things about? A few days ago the Great Western Railway held a sale of articles which their passengers had left behind them in the railway carriages, the list including an elephant's foot, two artificial legs, and a human skull. From time to time ladies have been known to leave their corsets and their lingerie in railway carriages, and men to forget to take away their braces; while now and again the porters light on full sets of teeth, to say nothing of multifarious samples of holey socks. After a stormy cross-Channel passage some time ago, while going along the corridor of a Dover to Charing Cross train, we have a vivid recollection of seeing a party of American ladies shedding their dripping petticoats and casting them under the seats. No doubt those silken garments were sold in aid of dividends.

Our attention has been called by several correspondents to the case of a Willesden woman arrested by two policemen in High Road, Kilburn, for annoying a number of men, including themselves. The story of the accused is that she was engaged to be married to an official of the Willesden District Council; that she was returning from a visit to him to make final arrangements for the wedding next morning; and that the police arrested her without her having said a word to them or to anyone else. She was released on her own bail, and at the next hearing she was ready with witnesses to her respectability, her fiancé being the first one she was wishful to put into the box. Without going further into the case, however, the presiding magistrate said "there was insufficient proof that the woman was of the class alleged, and she would be discharged."

Now that is all very well, but it is not well enough. Here was a respectable woman charged with one of the most odious of social offences. She gave a clear explanation of the facts, and was prepared to back up her statement with witnesses. The police had ample time between the first charge and the remand to test her story, and, as is the way of the police, they probably did so. The woman duly appeared with her witnesses, the police had not a word of the account she gave of herself to dispute, and, on the other hand, not a word of apology to offer; and the magistrate thinks so little of the truth of the charge that he does not consider it necessary to have the witnesses in the box. Yet he did not breathe even the mildest caution to the two policemen concerned, though obviously they had mistaken the accused for some other woman, or had trumped up the evidence against her. Probably they made an honest mistake, for it is supposed that even a policeman is not infallible. Nevertheless, a magistrate should not gloss a matter of this sort. It was and is more important that he should mark his sense of the wrongful assailment of a woman's honour than that he should save the face of two policemen.

Here's a hand to the Rev. Gwilym Davies, pastor of a small Baptist chapel at Broad Haven, near Haverfordwest, for we like the human grit of him. At the end of a sermon at Bethesda Chapel in Haverfordwest the other Sunday he told a congregation of a thousand people, how in many cases the grasping rich were

grinding the faces of the poor. He told how, near his own little place, a small farmer had been struggling hard for ten years to pay a rent of £50 a year, in addition to £10 for rates and tithes, for 38 acres of land. Ten acres were waste land, so that the rent had to be got out of 28 acres. "His landlord, a big Liberal," continued Mr. Davies, "wants to re-arrange the land, and at the same time wants to increase the rent by £10. My friend says he can never pay it. It will bleed him to death, and because he refuses to be bled to death, he has got to go. I have done what I can to plead for him with the landlord's daughter, who takes a large share in the religious work of this town. I have pleaded for the notice to be withdrawn. I have begged of her to accept an arbitrator, but she has turned a deaf ear to it all. I might just as well have pleaded with a wall of granite."

But why put the responsibility of the father on the daughter? Mr. Davies does not mince matters. "Because," he says, "the father is an old man of 85, tottering to his grave. It is reasonable to suppose she is acting as his adviser, and that in his old age he is leaning upon her. Very soon now the estate must be hers, and I want her to understand that if she is going to be a rack-renter and a grinder of the faces of the poor just let her try it on in Ireland. We are not going to stand it." The sincerity of Mr. Davies in this matter is obvious, and we have no reason to believe that he is distorting the facts. The rack-renter is more common even in England than many people think. But that landlord's daughter "takes a large share in the religious work" of Haverford-west. That so much rack-renting should be allied to so much piety is regrettable, and perhaps Mr. Davies will furnish us with the name of the "big Liberal" landlord in question, in order that it may receive adequate advertisement in our columns. We all ought to know him.

An advertisement appeared in the *Morning Post* requiring a home for two children aged eight and ten, and offering three guineas a week for each during the absence of the father in India. To many poor households this must have appeared very tempting, and we have no doubt that the advertisers, Messrs. Bonham, Ward and Co. (51, Great Portland Street, W.), received a vast number of answers. A solicitor informs us that one of his clients was attracted, but, instead of receiving particulars about the Indian gentleman, was only favoured wth a circular from Bonham, Ward and Co. It was headed "Paying Guest Dept.," and sang the praises of these "oldest established and most successful offices for the introduction of boarders and paying guests into private families. . . Specially patronised by members of the leading West End clubs, the Embassies, the chief London banks, County families, and the Medical Profession, etc., etc." Then followed the surprising request, "Please cross cheques and postal orders London and South-Western Bank, Great Portland Street, W." There was also a form with a number of impertinent questions, such as "Are you musical? Do you object to foreigners? What are the lowest terms you will accept?" Still nothing about the Indian gentleman and the two little children, who were to pay three guineas a week each. Only an invitation to sign an agreement to pay one guinea in advance and more money in the event of business resulting. Unless Messrs. Bonham, Ward and Co. see fit to favour us with the name and address of the Indian gentleman, we shall have no hesitation in pronouncing him to be a myth. Even if he does exist, he ought to know that he has been used as a decoy to extort guineas from a class of people who have not always very many guineas to spare. The *Morning Post* ought to be more careful.

By twelve votes to ten, the Tipton Education Committee has rejected an application from some ratepayers at Burnt Tree, a parish in their jurisdiction, to hire the Committee's school for dancing classes on Tuesday evenings, "though there is no other room in the parish which is suitable for the purpose." According to a Mr. Powell, the leading opponent of the concession, "dancing led to other things, which they could not always look up to and sanction. If they wanted to know what dancing ended in, let them go and ask those girls on the street." He also said that if the Committee let the schools for the dancing classes they would be committing a crime; while another member, a Mr. Salter, said that "many a young man had commenced his downward career in a dancing class." By such claptrap as this, the rejection of the application was voted, and the young people of Burnt Tree are deprived of one night's opportunity in seven of indulging in an innocent and enjoyable pastime. It is mere waste of time and space to argue with Chadbands like these; their appeal is merely to the commonplaces of humbug and the insults of intolerence.

We have received the following delightfully ingenuous letter:—

> DEAR SIR,—Please excuse me taking the liberty to write to you, but in one of your future numbers would you oblige me by writing an article concerning young married women and their affections for young men? I tell you in confidence, but I have made the acquaintance of a charming young married woman for whom I would willingly give my life. As for young girls, I don't take any notice of them; my motto is: stolen fruit is always the sweetest. If you will grant me this little favour, I shall be most extremely obliged, as I am a lover of your JOHN BULL.

We advise him to confine his love to JOHN BULL for the future, lest peradventure the charming young married woman's husband may happen to be the possessor of a brawny arm and a strong pair of boots—not to mention a hunting-crop or a dog-whip.

Apropos our recent article about the danger of employing untrained nurses, a reader says he nearly lost his only son through the negligence of one of these persons. He also tells us of a doctor who visited a patient unexpectedly at 2.30 a.m. to find the nurse asleep and her chart written up to 8 a.m. Another person had two children dangerously ill, and went to their room at 3 a.m. to find the fire out and the nurse asleep. She had taken the pillows from under the children's heads to make herself more comfortable. One child never rallied from the chill caused by the cold room. We quite agree that such inhuman wretches ought to be weeded out of the nursing profession, for there are plenty of kind, trustworthy women only too ready to take their places.

Since it became publicly known that petty pilferings have been going on at the War Office, a strict watch has been kept at all the entrances, the belief being, presumably, that visitors are the purloiners, and that the staff are holy innocents. All who call to see an official have to fill up a form which asks five or six questions, then, escorted by a messenger, they proceed to the Presence desired. The interview over, you have to grab that precious piece of paper, for without it you may not pass the outside portal save as a suspected person. In fact, just now it is as difficult to get out of the War Office as it is to get into it. No distinction is made, as even Sir George White discovered a little while ago. The wiseacre who designed such a Gilbertian mode of catching office thieves should be invaluable to Scotland Yard. It suggests that those typewriters which are missing have been coolly lifted from tables, tucked under the arm, and carried out in the full light of day.

Mr. Haldane will have to seriously pause in his obstinate courses if he is ever going to see his Territorial

edifice completed. He promised with all solemnity that the traditions and privileges of the old Volunteers should be interfered with as little as possible, and yet one by one, when he thought nobody was looking, he has cut them away. In fact, he has apparently said to himself, "I am going to have my scheme, without any trace of the insanities of the Brodricks, or Arnold Forsters." The old titles of the Volunteers were especially to be preserved. But look in the Army List to date, and see if you can find one. It is all very well to say the regiments themselves retain the titles on their notepaper, orders, posters, and badges. But the official Army List, which is final, has already abolished them. The titles were bound to go some day, just as older ones have gone, but this astonishing haste on the part of Mr. Haldane is a mistake, if he wishes to popularise his scheme.

An insolently cool defence was raised the other day by a young labourer named Evan Davies at Newtown County Court. Mr. Davies is a married man, and at the birth of his second child, Dr. Jones was called in, but Mr. Davies omitted to pay the fee; whereupon the medical gentleman sued for it. It was then that the defendant set up the astounding defence that he was an "infant" when the debt was contracted, and was, therefore, not liable. But, alas for his ingenuity, the heartless judge held that medical attendance at the critical time of the confinement of a wife is a "necessity," and the precocious papa has to pay 4s. a month.

Titles have their uses. In 1860 the then Admiralty instituted a Naval Reserve recruited from the ranks of the Mercantile Marine. For close upon half a century this force has provided the fleet with a splendid reserve of about 24,000 officers and men, all bred to the sea and as keen as razors. For fifty years officers and men have placed themselves at the disposal of their country with no other reward than a few pounds per annum—the total expense this year is £220,000. Five years ago, however, there was instituted the Naval Volunteer Reserve. The men in this corps are as enthusiastic as can be, and we have not a word to say against them; but in the nature of things, being clerks, labourers, mechanics, and so forth, they cannot have the same sea-value as mercantile mariners. The Naval Volunteer Reserve has, however, attracted the beneficent attentions of the aristocracy, and amongst its officers honourables, right honourables and most honourables are as the grains of sand on the seashore. Result—a decoration for long service is instituted, open to officers and men of the Naval Reserve and the Naval Volunteers. On behalf of Mercantile Jack we tender our best thanks.

Fleet Street is not the only place where the "pay your money and take your choice" system is practised. In the current issue of the official Navy List we find, on page 270: "Home Fleet, Nore Division. *Battleships:—Dreadnought, Agamemnon, Indomitable, Inflexible, Magnificent, Victorious.*" On page 270D we find: "List of ships of the Royal Navy arranged in their various classes. *Armoured Cruisers:—Indomitable, Inflexible, Invincible.*" It is a wise Admiralty that knows its own ships.

It is to be feared that sedition in India is deepening and spreading. If all Anglo-Indian opinion is not at fault, the probability is that next year will see serious risings unless the Executive becomes alive to the position. Unfortunately, the present Viceroy is not a very strong man, and although the command of the troops is in the hands of our most popular soldier, his dispositions have evoked much criticism. The present discontent is due to many causes, some of them avoidable. The spread of higher education has created a discontented class of fluent orators, and an unrestrained vernacular Press has worked much mischief. Nearly ninety years ago, one of the greatest of Indian Administrators—Sir Thomas Munro—pointed out that a free press and the dominion of strangers cannot exist long together. Then it is said that the rash utterances of Mr. Keir Hardie and his like have worked much mischief. Perhaps they have, but no one can read the conversation that took place in the House of Commons a few days ago between the Minister representing the Indian Department and Sir Henry Cotton and others, without feeling that there are very grave abuses in the Indian Administration, more especially in the department of police, which the Indian Government displays no alacrity in dealing with. It is admitted by the Government that some of the reforms demanded by Indian opinion are just and urgent, and almost ever since he has been in office Lord Morley has promised a scheme, but it remains a promise. All we have from that much-belauded Minister is a string of sonorous phrases, and whilst Nero fiddles, Rome may burn.

For some time past our Minister in Abyssinia, Colonel Sir John Harrington, has been gravely exercised at the efforts which are being made by an unofficial representative of Germany to minimise British influence at the Court of the Emperor Menelik. He has felt himself compelled to make urgent representations on the subject of a persistent system of intrigue which, individually, he is incapable of contending with, but which could, and should, be dealt with directly by Sir Edward Grey, who is the proper authority to bring such a matter before the notice of the Kaiser's Ambassador in London. Colonel Harrington has received, as he says, no support from Downing Street, and, as an honourable man, he refuses to take wages if not allowed to work for them. He has not only resigned his appointment in Africa, but also his position in the Diplomatic Service, and contemplates entering Parliament. He has had an extraordinary career. Twelve years ago he was a sergeant in a marching regiment. Now he is a Lieut.-Colonel in the Indian Army.

More and more it looks as if the Labour-Socialist party were in the way of a serious shake-up. The clash of opinions and methods within it has now got to the point that Messrs. Blatchford, Hyndman, and Grayson will not appear on the same platform with Mr. Keir Hardie. The internal situation as revealed, and unrevealed, to-day is not without piquant interest, for it is on the cards that before the next general election there may be a complete split in the ranks. At the last election the great democratic reaction after so many years of Salisbury-Balfour government carried into the House of Commons many Labour and Socialistic members who would not have got in under normal conditions. After the next election not quite so large a number will be seen there. At any rate, the Socialist-Labour party will be put up to a harder fight, and its internal quarrels and disputations will not improve its chances. Regarding it as a Parliamentary force, it has too many "leaders."

A correspondent suggests that women who illtreat helpless children should receive a good birching at the hands of strong, capable wardresses. He says that women shop-lifters at a West End firm have the option of a birching or being given in charge, and that many well-to-do ladies have preferred castigation by the muscular manageress rather than being shown up. It is certainly better to be exposed in a private room than in open court.

What the reporter calls a "brilliant gathering of women distinguished in the world's politics and society" foregathered at King's Hall, in Covent Garden, the other

day, to protest against votes for women. But however disgusted we may be with some of the tactics of the Suffragettes, it is rather late in the day for the Countess of Jersey and other Society ladies to try to counter an agitation which, apart from the unconventional methods by which it is sometimes forced on public notice, voices a real injustice. The question of Votes for Women is no longer whether women should have votes, but whether they should have them on the same terms and conditions as men, or have them, to begin with, only in special circumstances. The Prime Minister suggests that votes for women should be grafted on a new measure of electoral reform, but that measure may never come. It is not to be disguised that woman's suffrage has lost some ground in consequence of the weird violence of its feminist leaders. But it will recover from that set-back when it enters the calm region of practical politics. Meanwhile, the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League had better embellish its banner with a picture of Mrs. Partington and her mop.

One of our readers suggests that the truest explanation of the appointment of the Bishop of Stepney to the vacant Archbishopric of York is that he is a Scotchman. Most Englishmen, he reminds us, are now governed by the Scots, both in the Cabinet and the Church. It is certainly a remarkable feature of modern political life how Scotland has captured the Government.

We hear that Smyth-Pigott, of the Abode of Lust, is now in Gibraltar. Perhaps he feels that the Spaxton foundations are giving way, and is contemplating transferring the Agapemone to the Rock.

WORRIED LOOKS.—VII.

SIR CHARLES MATHEWS, PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for 50 Helpers at One Guinea Each.

For full particulars of the meaning of the number on page i. of our cover, **see page iii. of cover.**

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

For full particulars of this scheme, **see page iii. of cover.**

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For assuring a Warrington audience that the Government still intends to pass the Licensing Bill,
MR. BIRRELL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that members of the House of Commons "wear large white shirts to conceal the fact that they have nothing behind their foreheads."
MR. VICTOR GRAYSON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "*MR. *Ivor Guest gave birth to a daughter on Saturday morning."*
THE HERALD OF WALES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For putting up a notice in the cloak-room that "members out of employment applying for relief from the relief fund are asked to state their present occupation."
THE SECRETARY OF THE LYNDHURST ROAD
FRIENDLY SOCIETY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Sir Frederick Treves conducted a rehearsal of the ROYAL CORAL *Society.*
THE MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "one hour's animated pictures, including motor disasters in Grand Prix Motor Race and many other humorous, instructive and amusing subjects."
THE BATTERSEA BOROUGH COUNCIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that on SUNDAY, *"November 1st. . . shop windows begin to blaze out with the wonderful attractions that are to make glad the hearts of boys and girls during the winter."*
ANSWERS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing the marriage of Lady May Pery "(the younger daughter of Lord Limerick's TWO *half-sisters).*"
M.A.P.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that a spoon is a vessel used when EATING *liquids.*
THE PROPRIETORS OF *JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY*
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Liberal cup is being FILLED UP, *but when you come to examine the contents, you realise that there is a* HOLE *in the bottom."*
MR. MACMASTER, K.C., CONSERVATIVE
CANDIDATE FOR CHERTSEY.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that "she started up with a cry, feeling a BLINDING, *stinging pain in her arm."*
A WRITER IN *THE DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that two men "were cut to pieces by a train whilst crossing the metals at Nailsea Station, and that BOTH WERE KILLED."
THE STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the competition for the Sir John Bingham Challenge Shield "was started in 1888 *with a view to encourage men to take more interest in musketry practice and to improve the shooting* OF THE TERRITORIALS *by promoting a healthy rivalry."*
THE YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing in headlines, "Big Fish Dragged Off the Bank to Watery Grave."
THE MONTREAL STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

CONFESSIONS OF A FAMOUS MEDIUM.—I.

STORY OF THE GREAT "SCIENTIFIC" HOAX.

How Telepathy was Proved to the Satisfaction of the Psychical Research Society.

By Douglas Blackburn.

By way of economising space and words, and lessening the risk of the issue being lost sight of through the brevity of the narration, or the introduction of side issues, the objective of these articles is here set forth.

1.—The Society for Psychical Research (hereafter referred to as the S.P.R.) claims to have established that communication is possible between mind and mind otherwise than through the known channels of the senses.

2.—The bedrock foundation of all the later experiments which are said to prove the existence of Telepathy were the so-called Thought Transference experiments conducted in 1882 by Messrs. Frederic W. H. Myers and Edmund Gurney, and other men of scientific repute, through the agency of Messrs. Douglas Blackburn and Geo. A. Smith (hereafter referred to as "B. and S."), these experiments being fully reported, illustrated and by inference endorsed by the S.P.R. in its official volume of "Proceedings."

3.—The results of these accepted experiments by B. and S. were produced by an ingenious and elaborate system of code signals, assisted by tricks, coincidences, and fortuitous accidents, and were in no instance genuine; yet Messrs. Myers and Gurney vouched for the genuineness of these "experiments." Therefore, they were not qualified to distinguish between pretended and genuine phenomena. Having been deceived in the experiments which have formed the basis and model for all succeeding experiments, it is a reasonable presumption that they were no more careful and exacting in dealing with later demonstrations of Telepathy.

4.—It is a significant circumstance that the later experiments by other exponents than B. and S. exhibit weakness and signs of the employment of a code at precisely the identical point, and in the same way that the B. and S. experiments were weak, implying that they were produced by a similar system of signals, possessing the same limitations, and failing where those of B. and S. failed.

5.—It will be shown that, as the agents who claim to produce occult phenomena invariably operate under their own conditions, it is impossible for Psychical Researchers to apply tests that can exclude the possibility of deception. Therefore, it is more reasonable to pre-suppose the occurrence of fraud than phenomena.

Finally, the mental bias of both Messrs. Myers and Gurney was towards spiritualism, it being the almost invariable rule of the former to give the experiment the benefit of the doubt.

The Genesis of the Hoax.

In the late seventies and early eighties a wave of so-called Occultism passed over England. Public interest became vastly absorbed in the varied alleged phenomena of Spiritualism, Mesmerism—not yet generally labelled as Hypnotism—and Thought-reading, now better recognised as Thought Transference or Telepathy.

A tremendous impetus to the curiosity manifested in the last named was given by the public performances of an ingenious showman named Irving Bishop—who was succeeded in the same "line" by Stuart Cumberland, who wrought much greater miracles. Bishop's fame and fortune were largely augmented by the denunciation and challenge of Mr. Labouchere, who offered to forfeit a hundred pound note if Bishop succeeded in reading its number by his occult "science." A public trial took place, and it was claimed by some that Bishop succeeded. Be that as it may, the bold advertisement and the janglings of believers and sceptics made sufficient noise to stir Europe, and Thought Reading became the craze, and with reason.

It was promptly and logically pointed out by spiritualists that if this power of communication between two minds existed, a good case was made out for that frequent phase of ghost story, in which the deceased person appears to the sight or thought of a living friend at the moment of death. The suggestion captured the imagination of serious people, and later, when the *Daily Telegraph* opened a correspondence on ghosts, hundreds of apparently sane and certainly reputable people told stories bearing out the theory that at the moment of dissolution the mind or spirit could, and did, make itself conscious to a favoured friend, generally one allied by ties of close relationship or affection.

The importance of this relation of Telepathy to spiritualism must be borne in mind in reading these articles.

I was among the many who at this period fell a victim to the vague fascination of various forms of Occultism. Brighton, where I was then editing the once well-known *Brightonian*, became a hotbed of, and happy hunting ground for, the mystery monger, professional and private. During the record fashionable winter season of 1879-80, private drawing-room séances were held by the hundred, and were attended by persons of the most exalted position, and many the reverse. As an earnest enquirer and genuinely sympathetic soul, I had the entrée practically to all the spirit "circles" I cared to visit, and I must confess that I experienced much which, while it did not convince, certainly puzzled me, and completely upset my preconceived ideas of fraud and humbug.

Spiritualism *per se* interested me less than Telepathy and Clairvoyance, and I was eventually and temporarily converted to faith in the existence of Second Sight by proof that would have satisfied nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand.

A Clairvoyant Vision.

My mentor was a man of culture, position, and means, therefore I was satisfied that no considerations of a sordid or monetary motive influenced him. He was an ardent, deep-dyed spiritualist, and even to-day I am convinced that he believed in Spiritualism. Certainly he never took any important step in his ordinary affairs without consulting a medium, and I am bound to say that his character as a man was absolutely clean and honourable—barring the circumstance I have to describe. The story of the magnificent fraud he practised upon me is too long to tell here, but it brought about my complete disillusionment. Angry and indignant at being had, and particularly so because in my youthful enthusiasm I had committed myself to a more ardent than discreet championship of spiritualism, I not unnaturally felt very strongly, and perhaps with more justice than logic decided to "show up" spiritualists in and out of season. I soon found material. I was the first to detect and "give away" the muscle reading secret of Irving Bishop. I exposed several minor mediums, and on the whole was on very good terms with myself as a champion of common sense and an exposer of charlatans, when I ran against the most remarkable and fascinating character I have met in the course of a fairly variegated world wandering.

A Marvellous Mesmerist.

I found him giving a mesmeric show at a small Brighton Hall, and, scenting another subject for my witch hunt, I watched his performance for two or three nights. It was the usual mesmeric entertainment, in which a number of lads were put under the influence and made to do ridiculous things. I was a little bit surprised to find my own office boy among the "subjects," and when I learned from him that he was paid a shilling a night, the bogus character of the business became obvious. But before "showing up" Mr. G. A. Smith I made his acquaintance. Within twenty-four hours I knew what thousands of scientific people know to-day—that I had discovered probably the most powerful hypnotist of the age. He was a handsome, curly-headed, short, square-built youth of about one-and-twenty, and appeared to be a mental embodiment of all the great conjurors and mystery men from Cagliostro to Maskelyne. He had absorbed a vast amount of knowledge of the conjuring business, and was most ingenious in inventing new tricks or discovering the secret of old ones.

In the course of our discussions on occult matters we naturally devoted some attention to thought-reading. S., who had a large amount of the enterprising showman's spirit, became immensely interested in the Irving Bishop experiments, and was anxious to incorporate some form of them into his mesmeric entertainments, as they were going rather badly.

We therefore experimented on the lines of Irving Bishop, and found, as everybody now knows, that the business is extremely simple when the trick is mastered.

As editor of a widely-read paper, I was able to boom S. very effectively, I remaining in the background as the impartial journalist investigator who occasionally assisted at an experiment.

One of my descriptive articles on the programme of S. was taken over by the spiritualistic paper *Light*, and brought a visit of enquiry from Messrs. Myers and Gurney. The S.P.R. had just been formed, but Smith and I had never heard of it. We only saw in these two gentle, courteous men a couple of credulous spiritualists, and we resolved that we should be doing the world a service by fooling them to the top of their bent, and then showing how easy a matter it was to "take in" scientific observers.

I have kept my secret for twenty-six years, and only withdraw the veil now because of the disgust inspired by the preposterous alleged communications from the spirit of F. W. H. Myers, in which one of the most refined and cultured of men is made to write and think like an illiterate conjuror.

(To be continued.)

A VERY HUMAN DOCUMENT.

The other night I met Mr. Billibee loitering in Shaftesbury Avenue. I must own I was surprised. It was near midnight, and Shaftesbury Avenue at that time is hardly the place for a highly respectable man to loiter in. And Mr. Billibee is a highly respectable man. Of that there is no doubt. He is married, chief clerk in an office, and a local preacher.

He was quite surprised when I accosted him, and his greeting was rather embarrassed.

"What are you doing here?" I enquired.

"Well—er—the fact is my wife and daughter being away, I thought I would take the opportunity of going to a theatre. Theatres are places I rarely visit, but I—er—think one should occasionally break away from one's beaten track. It broadens the outlook, and enables one to study character."

"Ye-es," I answered, rather dubiously.

We walked along chatting, and I enquired after Tim Derone, an acquaintance of mine in Billibee's office.

"I am sorry to say that that young man has been dismissed," he said, in a severe tone. "I discovered that he had been betting. Of course, I reported it to the firm. As I pointed out, betting is a thing that saps a man's morality. It exposes him to temptation. It very often leads him into dishonesty. And dishonesty is the greatest evil of the age."

I seemed to have heard Mr. Billibee say something like this at a public meeting.

Anyway, it was uttered in the same tone that he read the lessons in, and sounded altogether most impressive.

We had by this time arrived at the large public-house at the street corner. By a sort of instinct we both stopped.

"Shall we enter and study some character?" I suggested.

"Well, it is a cold night, and it may be interesting," was the reply.

We entered. Mr. Billibee took the lead with a confidence which showed that he had succeeded in broadening his outlook in one direction at least.

He called for "two of the usual," with a small soda split, and put down half-a-sovereign.

The drinks arrived. I raised my glass to my companion, who was busy with his change. Saying "Here's luck," I was about to take a draught, when Billibee, his face working with half-suppressed excitement, emptied his glass at a gulp, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Come outside at once. Don't wait. Come on."

He sort of glided to the door, leading me by the arm, half dazed. Outside a motor 'bus was passing. I will swear he had not the slightest notion of where the 'bus was going, but he pushed me on, and took two threepenny tickets almost in one breath. Then he heaved a deep sigh of relief.

I found my tongue then, and demanded an explanation of his extraordinary conduct.

"Didn't you see?" he asked. "I put down half-a-sovereign, and the girl gave me nineteen and twopence change. You don't pick up ten bob like that every day, you know."

AN AMERICAN ON ENGLAND'S DESTINY.

By T. J. D.

I got into conversation with him in the American bar of the Hotel Cecil, and gradually drifted from a talk on the right kind of cherry for a Manhattan cocktail to the subject that was uppermost in his mind—TRADE. I remarked chaffingly that it was bad enough for Americans to invade our industries, but that to dump their heiresses here has caused great stagnation in the home market, and that accumulated stocks of the local article were decidedly languishing. I pointed out that having grown our own sprigs of nobility at great expense, we were entitled to regard them as for home consumption only, and that it was felt a determined resistance should be made to further American invasion in any form whatever.

"My benighted friend," he replied, "to talk of resisting us is a worse fool's game than lassoing comets. We like your country because it was the nursery for ours, and we like to look round the old toy-room, and to think we had forefathers running about in seaweed reach-me-downs swopping copper propositions with the Phœnicians. That's why we're always buying up the best things in this old museum, and why we come over and crowd up your little hotels and spit across the river to Surrey while we're seeing what's left worth taking away. But it ain't business. We've run out the cost on the basis of the loss of time involved, at so much a minute, in voyaging here and back, and speaking as a modest unit of ninety million fellow-Americans, my own estimate would surprise you, so you can form, perhaps, a faint conception of what it means in the aggregate. So we've worked out a scheme, and we find it's going to be cheaper and handier to have you closer to us. This surprises you? Well, I guess we're always surprising you. A country that's about to cut itself in two, and that can play with Niagara like a boy with a squirt, don't stick at trifles. We'll put a caisson round you so as to slice through your foundations, slip a keel under you, and then all we've got to do is to let the water in again, and Presto! Old England will be ready to tow off to her new anchorage. We'll have to charge you a stiff sum for doing this; but think of the benefits you get. No Irish problem—we solve this by leaving Ireland behind—we've got nearly all the population, anyhow. Scotland wouldn't pay towing expenses, owing to the weight of Carnegie's libraries. It's a pity, as the Highlanders would make our kids laugh some. Wales will be handy for coal and running goats on.

"But's it's England we're after—the historic soil and the monuments, not the people though, except the few who have coronets for our girls to play with, and those owning say, 1,000 dollars as a minimum. We'll kill off the rest by giving them free passages on our railways, or confining them to Chicago tinned meat as a diet.

"And think of it—no more fogs, nothing but blue skies and soft zephyrs, no Channel to cross, and an opportunity of learning how to hustle. It's a great scheme for you. You can let Europe sizzle in its own fat, and smile as you think of Kaiser Bill's language when he gets a fleet of three hundred and fifty battleships together, and then finds how you have given him the slip.

"And when you're snugly tied up off New York, think of the nice trim green little doorstep you'll make on to America. Yes, sir, it's a great scheme—but you must excuse me now, I'm half-an-hour late already for an appointment with King Edward, who wants to know exactly where he comes in when the towing proposition happens along."

THE ENGLISH WAITER.

"'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words I'm an Englishman."—*Byron.*

Once, the proud boast of Byron was brimful of reason.
Alas! 'tis no longer quite true what he said,
For the title of "English" is quite out of season
If you as a waiter are earning your bread.
A real English face with an English cognomen
Is a terrible fortune for dad to bequeath;
When you go for a job 'tis a word of ill-omen,
In the struggle for places you come out beneath.

I recently sought out a firm they called agents,
Who waiters and other such treasures supply
For picnics and parties, for dinners and pageants;
If others got work there, now why shouldn't I?
I gave in my name, 'twas the one I was born in,
Without looking up Miss most acidly spake,
"We've nothing for Englishmen," not e'en "Good morning,"
She gave me. Yes, English is quite a mistake.

Now, had but my name been a Schneider or Snivelly,
Been born in Spitzbergen, or been a Chinee,
I might have received a reply made quite civilly,
But that was a luxury not suited to me.
Everywhere, anywhere, we are always behind 'em,
The Fritz's and Max's are smiling in hosts,
No matter how British the function, we find 'em,
They always play Hamlet, whilst we play the Ghosts.

Some day, I am told, Fritz will go out of fashion,
And back to his boasted hotel on the Rhine,
Some day Lady Midas will cool in her passion
For having a garçon wherever she'll dine.
I'm loth to believe that our name is so poor now
That foreign attendants must every string pull;
One hope still remains, so I'll knock at his door now,
He's sure to stand by us, now won't you, JOHN BULL?

G. O. E.

FOOTBALL: THE MORALS OF THE GAME.

By H. Walker.

The drastic measures imposed by the Council of the Football Association upon those clubs, officials and players who have during recent years been proved guilty of offences against the laws of the Association and of the game, have, as might have been reasonably expected, revived the arguments—or perhaps I ought to say the tirades—against the morals of football.

For some inscrutable reason the national winter game is victimised, on the slightest pretext, by more unreasonable and unreasoning attacks than any other branch of British sport—with perhaps the single exception of the Turf, which comes under a somewhat different category. I say for some inscrutable reason. Perhaps after all the true reason is not so difficult to discover and to define. I sometimes think the amazing popularity of the game is the measure of the abuse or criticism to which it is subjected. Name the particular branch of British sport which has behind it the largest volume of public support, and I will straightway name the one to which most criticism—aye, even abuse—is directed.

Without any wish to discount the value of the criticism to which the game is exposed I feel that I cannot—after a long and observant experience in connection with the game—get away from the conviction that the most unfavourable and at times vitriolic criticism to which it is subjected is the work of—and is endorsed by—those who have the most limited and consequently least reliable knowledge of football and its administrations.

If there be any vice associated with it—and what sport or department of life is free?—it ought to be gauged in a relative sense. And if so gauged it will, I am satisfied, be found freer from the vice of gambling than any other form of sport.

There is undeniably a species of gambling indulged in by those who, to gratify sordid desires, would introduce a corrupting element into any pastime. I refer especially to the lottery system of gambling which has asserted itself in many of our populous centres, and the suppression of which happily ought not to be an insurmountable difficulty.

The Most Democratic National Sport.

Football is unquestionably the most democratic of our national sports and pastimes. That is clearly proved by the measure of support it obtains. Where other games attract their hundreds, football draws its thousands. It is—especially during the Cup-tie period—discussed with an almost nervous enthusiasm, which is not and never has been associated with any other kind of sport. Having regard to this fact, the number of offences arising out of the game—*i.e.*, either in the playing of it or in its administration—are surprisingly few. And so, too, with the spectators.

In a game which provides all the elements of intense excitement to every one of say 10,000 spectators the records of misdemeanour are almost infinitesimal, and certainly more cannot be said of the followers of any other national sport. It is frequently urged that football, by reason of its very popularity, by its drawing together of abnormally large crowds, does not encourage the development of the true sporting instinct, that were those who patronise the game as onlookers actually engaging in it, and themselves donning the knickers and jersey, then would there be some ground for believing in the game as an agency for developing the manliest attributes of British sportsmanship. But such a process of argument will hardly bear the searchlight of cool reasoning. In the first place a large proportion of those who regularly follow the game and watch it are years beyond that stage when physical equipment would allow of it. Age will assert itself, and when men get well advanced in the thirties they are usually face to face with growing domestic responsibilities, to say nothing of the "passing of youth," which they have experienced and which precludes their further active participation in the game. But even were it possible for all those who are merely spectators to assume the rôle of players, where is the accommodation to be found for so many playing the game? Why every available field within a radius of five miles of our large and populous centres would be insufficient to meet the requirements of a tithe of those for whom provision would be necessary. No, such arguments will not hold good.

Does Not Detract From Educational Pursuits.

One is sometimes disposed to seriously regard the argument that the keen and enthusiastic interest manifested in the game tends to destroy or at all events to lessen the desire for and to depreciate the value of higher intellectual pursuits, and being continually brought face to face with the suggestion that were the pursuit of football relinquished greater attention would be devoted to the various branches of intellectual, literary and scientific education. Anything which tends to detract from intellectual and educational pursuits cannot be contemplated with indifference. Any reasonable-minded person will be prepared to concede this much. At the same time I claim it to be a very problematic inference that decreased or discontinued interest in football would tend to augment the numbers and strengthen the interest of those who wisely devote a large measure of their leisure time to occupations of an intellectual character.

On the other hand we have undeniable testimony that the lively interest in and pursuit of the game does act as a very effective counter-attraction to undesirable pursuits.

Mental and Physical Improvement.

But is there not something to be said in its favour as an agency for encouraging and promoting intellectual occupation? I think so. Physical recreation and amusement are undeniable aids to mental activity. A healthy mind and a healthy body are closely related. Continued brain activity in one whose physical condition is frail eventually leads to mental exhaustion, and sometimes worse, but work and play fairly balanced tend to both mental and physical improvement. An afternoon spent in either playing or watching a game which provides thrilling incidents, and is full of ever-varying fortune tends to brighten the mind and contributes to a condition of mental alertness. Thus football, in addition to its exciting and spectacular charms, answers a wise and useful purpose, and judged in the aggregate I am convinced that its advantages far outweigh any disadvantages that may be associated with the game.

Football is a popular game, because of its own merits and of the competitive element that has been attached to it. The public support it because they like it, because of its combative characteristics and its spectacular charms; and to some extent because of its freedom from those undesirable features which often disfigure other departments of sport. For instance, what field of sport is so free from drink resorts as the football field? or on what field of sport—always having due regard to proportion—is there less aid required from the police force? What branch of sport provides a more popular and effective counter-attraction to unwise, unedifying and even degrading pursuits? None! True there is an element of danger in it. But what physical pursuit is free from danger? It may be a doubtful confession to have to make, but an element of danger is evidently one of the charms of most pursuits. And yet whilst accidents may happen in connection with football—and they do—danger is about the last possibility contemplated by the football spectator or player, so that the fascination which it attaches to most competitive sports cannot be really regarded as one of the attractions in the great winter game.

Why the Game is so Popular.

As a matter of fact football is popular because of many good and manifest reasons. In the first place it is definite in its results; it is not protracted; it is buoyant and exhilirating in its effects; it is unselfish in its character, and above all encourages and develops the spirit of achievement. These are the elements of its popularity. But popularity is one thing—success is another. Now what is the secret of the success of the game as distinguished from its popularity? This I think is to be found in the sound and equitable system of government to which it is subjected and by which it is guided and controlled. The Football Association—the central authority—has long since demonstrated that it is no respecter of persons. Nothing could more clearly establish the proof of this than the pains and penalties which have during the past twelve months been inflicted upon clubs and officials of high standing in the football world. The central governing body is constituted on thoroughly democratic lines, and is an absolutely representative assembly. In addition to this central authority there are also minor territorial governing bodies called county or district associations covering the whole of England, to whom are allocated the duties of administering purely local football affairs.

Constitution of the Council.

The Council of the Football Association is constituted of one representative each from most of these local associations, in addition to which the country is divided into ten geographical divisions, each of which sends a district representative elected by the clubs in such division, so that there can be little suspicion of anything in the nature of partiality or unfairness associated with the controlling body. It will thus be seen that the basis upon which the management of Association football in this country rests, is such as to ensure equity of treatment to all.

Football may have its drawbacks and its disadvantages—indeed what institution born of human conception has not?—but in the aggregate I am convinced that its tendency is healthy, its object manly, and its results beneficial to the physical and material well-being of the community.

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SECOND CLASS.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

We hear much about the middle classes being the backbone of England, the only honest, sober, God-fearing, respectable people in the island. I have often wondered how this myth can have arisen. I suppose it is because most of the denizens of Grub Street belong to this degraded section of humanity, and find some pleasure in singing their own praises.

Smug Satisfaction.

It is discouraging to find how pleased the wretches are with themselves, for there is evidently no hope of improvement. They have all the qualities of the old Pharisees, and are for ever turning up the whites, or more probably the yellows, of their eyes, in affirmation of their own superiority. When they give alms, they sound a trumpet before them; when they happen to be teetotalers or non-smokers, they seize every opportunity of parading their negative virtues; if they chance to have plenty of money, they take an absurd pride in the rectitude of their avoidance of debt, whereas, in point of fact, they only pay ready money because they find it cheaper to do so.

Hideous Habits.

They are the slaves of convention, and their conventions have been carefully selected from those of the most offensive, irritating, degrading periods and personages in history. They have perpetuated the Puritan snuffle, the Roundhead whine, as well as all the dreary monotony of the mouldy Victorian age. Take their clothes. You may actually see some of them walking about in frock-coats and bowlers; others will perambulate country lanes in silk hats on Sunday, escorting plush females, or carrying their young on their shoulders. Enter what they are pleased to call their homes, and you will find that, while they usually inhabit the kitchen or the feeding-room, they cherish an idiotic institution known as "the parlour" or "the front room."

The Poisonous Parlour.

This is evidently an ancient survival from days when people worshipped household gods. The average middle-class family deliberately sets apart the best room in the house as a sort of tabernacle. It is furnished with all the horrors of nineteenth-century taste. There is usually a big table in the centre, covered with heavy books, which no one dreams of reading, crochet mats, and vile vases filled with feathers or artificial flowers. As ornaments (save the mark!) you find the tops of wedding-cakes and other similar lumber carefully enshrined in glass cases, while loud lithographs or illuminated texts scream from the walls; sometimes, even a huge portrait of a smug man, wearing a small black tie and a large amount of face-fungus, or a frowsy female with straight hair and a gigantic locket. This holy of holies is entered only when visitors arrive, or on Sundays, when Father retires to sleep off his mid-day meal, under the pink shade of the *Sporting Times*. To add to the depression, fires are rarely lit, and windows never opened in this abode of love, so that the atmosphere is always damp and musty.

Foul Feeders.

No one seems ever to have taught the middle-classes how or what to eat. They will use spoons, or even knives, when common sense would have suggested a fork. They have been known to tuck napkins inside their collars. None of their females seem to have been taught even the rudiments of cooking, and the result is that the middle-classes are restricted to the nastiest food, without even the doubtful advantage of economising over it. Being accustomed to eat messes at home, they demoralise the proprietors of their eating-houses. If you doubt me, make a pilgrimage to the City at about one o'clock, and watch the fellows at their victuals. Even pigs at a trough are scarcely more uncomfortable. The human swillers are herded at a long counter, either standing up or crouching on high stools, and consume archaic sandwiches, or hard-boiled eggs, or foreign meat, with a haste which must be highly deleterious to the digestion. Sap my vitals, but I should be puzzled to know where to go and find the good old English fare which we all profess to be so proud of. The roast beef of old England has passed into a hazy memory, and it is now almost hopeless to find even an honest potato baked in its jacket. The very foreigners fare more sumptuously than the wretched representative of the British middle-classes, the backbone of our glorious Empire whereon the sun never sets.

Awful Examples.

For a long time I used to wonder how it was possible for foreigners to keep up the insolent pretence of a right to be mentioned in the same breath with my countrymen. It seemed to me almost as grotesque as if a monkey or a flea were to regard humanity with contumely. But the facilities of travel, which have been extended by the promoters of cheap trips and other miscreants, have permitted aliens to contemplate the British middle class in all its vulgarity and disgrace. In the old days, when gentlemen made the "grand tour," when our grandparents posted with their own coaches, the Englishman was almost the only traveller on the Continent, and he filled the rôle of a missionary by impressing foreigners with his distinction and carelessness about sordid considerations of pelf. When I was a boy I used to find all over Europe the settled conviction that every Englishman was cold and arrogant, but exceedingly courteous and invariably lavish. He was to be robbed, of course, but he commanded the utmost respect.

I am not very, very old, but in my travels I have noticed a great difference in the attitude which foreigners have come to assume. I have seen legends arise about Englishmen going to the opera in snuff-coloured tweeds, and asserting their superiority rudely rather than as a matter of course. I have witnessed the growth of the superstition that all Englishwomen have long teeth and huge feet, while the conversation of their husbands and brothers is restricted to the expression, "Oh, yes." For this change in the attitude of foreigners we have to thank the British middle class.

Brainless Babble.

It is perhaps in conversation that they give themselves away most completely. They seem to have no ideas of their own. They either talk about the weather or the Royal Family or else retail the stupid stuff which they have gleaned in their halfpenny papers. To catch them at their very worst, you have only to lead them on to give their views about sport. Having no time to spare for sport themselves, they indulge in a vain display of manliness by a vicarious indulgence in the exploits of public performers. Enter a second-class railway carriage anywhere, and it is long odds that you will find the male occupants expressing ignorant opinions about cricket or football, according to the season of the year. They know very little about the intricacies of those games, but they have committed to memory a large number of statistics of scores and goals and so forth. They may even repeat by rote the comments of journalists upon the most successful performers, whom they profess to regard in the light almost of familiar friends. In the same way they idolise notorious actresses, whose grinning features on picture postcards adorn their chimney-pieces. When the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race comes round, they become vehement partisans, and wear pieces of blue ribbon in their buttonholes, though their acquaintance with either University is scarcely more intimate than with soap and water. Sometimes they will lay down the law about politics, and their imbecility is illustrated by the fact that they snobbishly range themselves on the side of the reactionaries, whose policy would make their lot even harder than it is at the present time.

They may be summed up as flunkeys, hucksters and parasites.

MR. BOTTOMLEY AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

The utmost indignation prevails in South Hackney at the action of the Government towards its M.P. Everywhere meetings are being held and resolutions of sympathy and confidence passed, whilst the hon. member is received with ovations wherever he appears.

The Executive of the South Hackney Liberal and Radical Association, the Federated Council of the Political Clubs, ward meetings of the electors, and social and non-political bodies have all placed on record their good wishes and sympathy, and their firm conviction that the result of the pending proceedings will be a complete vindication of Mr. Bottomley's personal honour and integrity.

A large section of the Press has also identified itself with this sentiment, and on Sunday last *Reynolds's* stated that "a great deal of sympathy exists in the House towards Mr. Bottomley, who has undoubtedly made great headway during the present session, and is personally extremely popular."

Mr. Bottomley has announced his intention, at the end of the case, of asking the approval of the constituency "upon both personal and political grounds."

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

For full particulars of this scheme, see page iii. of cover.

Man's Best Christmas Box
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SOMERVILLE'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
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The most acceptable and satisfactory Christmas present you can send your friends—business or personal—is a case of this genuine Scotch Whisky direct from Scotland. EVERY DROP IS OVER 10 YEARS OLD. We will take all trouble off your hands. Send us the full names and addresses of your friends—state the quantity to be sent to each, and enclose your cheque. We will do the rest and will arrange that delivery is made before Christmas Eve.

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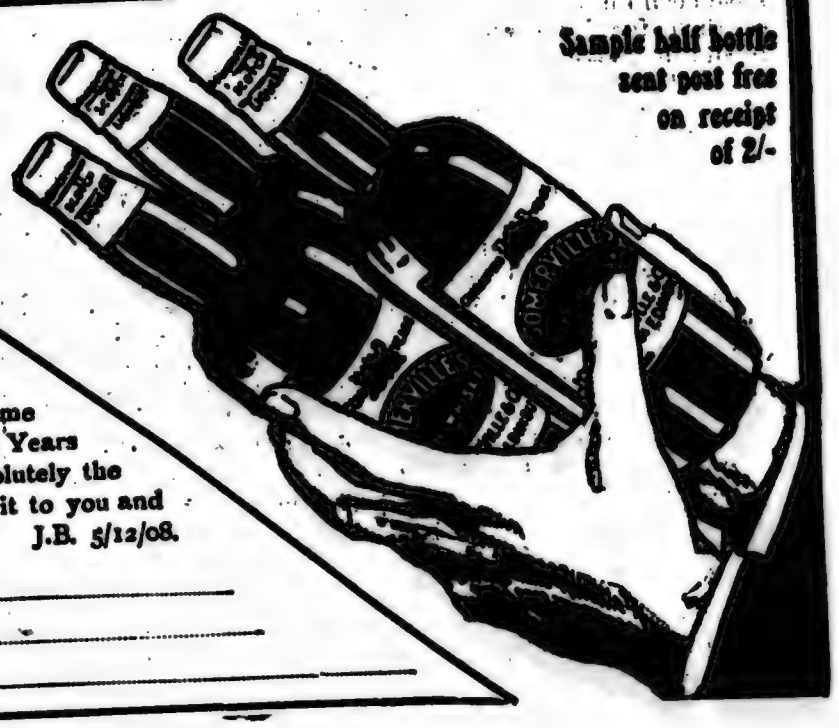

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I enclose remittance value for which please send me bottles of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed Ten Years Old Scotch Whisky, on the condition that if it is not absolutely the finest whisky I have ever tasted I am at liberty to return it to you and you will refund my money. J.B. 5/12/08.

Name_____

Full Address_____

THE REAL CANADA.

By A. Claude Brown.

An Englishman, after saving sufficient money, will journey across the water in search of a land where he can find full scope for his energies, establish a comfortable home, and happily settle.

He chooses Canada for several reasons. Its easy accessibility, and the knowledge that it is our largest and most prosperous colony, also the idea that Canada is more like England than any other place under the sun attracts him, whilst the golden advertisements of the Emigration Department, and the honeyed words of the shipping agent clinch the matter.

The pretty books he receives, with illustrations showing picturesque farmsteads with shady trees and babbling brooks, fire his imagination and cheer his heart. Little does he know that the pictures, presumably of the Golden West, are in reality photographs taken in the Eastern part of Ontario and are of farmsteads older than himself. The *real* West, with its many absolutely treeless miles of brown turfed prairie, and the rude "shack," 10 ft. by 7 ft., is a picture that is altogether too commonplace and true to appear in the publications of the Dominion Government.

The Old Country, as England is invariably described, is spoken of by the young Canadian with the patronising air sometimes adopted towards his parents by the young blade just feeling his feet.

Hustle Bluff.

Hustle, let me hasten to tell you, is a great word over there. "Do it now," "Get rich quick," "Do others or they will do you." These are sentences to conjure by, and you will find them calling at you from every office wall and warehouse counter.

You must hustle out of bed, hustle down to breakfast half-dressed, and then hustle back to finish; hustle down to business and back, and, finally, hustle to the grave to make room for the next hustler. This system of make-believe speed, in conjunction with efficiency, is nothing more than a great swindle.

Indeed, Canadian work of all kinds cries out as if in pain for want of care, finish and general stability. Of course, it is delightful to hustle over work because it so soon wants hustling over again. Hustle is a thin veneer with which to cover all sloppy work whose only merit is the speed with which it was accomplished, and with which it will wear away and sink into decay. The Canadian is only too pleased to cover his own sloppy work by decrying the Old Countryman's better but less speedy sample.

The phrase "Word of Honour" is one for which, unfortunately, there is no equivalent in the Canadian language, so, of course, we must not blame the Canadian, who completely fails to understand such matters.

It comes rather rough, however, on the new English settler if he is fool enough to believe a man when he makes a promise. Before long, however, the Old Countryman learns his lesson and believes no one at all, distrusts even his own brother, and returns to England ultimately a suspicious man for the rest of his days, which is perhaps as well.

All's fair in love, war, or Canada.

The Golden West.

This is the rosy description which covers a little known land. The Eastern Canadian understands as little about it as does the Englishman from over-seas. Hundreds of miles of barren brown-grassed land is the sight which greets the new settler's eye if he should arrive in the spring of the year or the early summer.

Rolling Prairie, the poetic Government Agents like Mr. J. Obed Smith call it; in reality, it is but a treeless waste of flat and uninteresting land. Later on in the summer, there appear here and there crops of wheat, sometimes in the olden quarters miles of it, but that is chiefly around Indian Head and district.

The whole vast wilderness is painted in far too rosy colours, and even Canadians from "down east" who venture forth to the "wild and woolly west," wish they had remained in "good old Toronto," and speak of their new, and generally temporary home in anything but Sunday-school language.

The food and dirty ways of living disgust them, as do also the extra long hours of work and the lonely evenings. This to a Canadian bred and born! You can imagine the effect of the life on the average Englishman. The Prairie "farmer bachelor" washes and shaves once a week, when going into town; and cleans his teeth and bathes, never; and wears black sateen shirts to avoid the apparent necessity of clean linen.

The little "shack," isolated from civilization and out of touch with its nearest neighbour, five miles away, is hardly the home of romance some would have us believe. Filled with farm implements and odds and ends, there is no room for the new arrival's rather over-large trunk, and it must necessarily remain on the Prairie alongside the bigger-box, called by courtesy, the "shack," where the rain and snow soon demolish what the C.P.R. has left of a respectable English trunk.

Good old Golden West, where we work out our term of three months' hard labour and nine months' solitary confinement. Up to your neck in mud as soon as the snow melts, then drenched in tropical rains, and afterwards eaten alive by mosquitoes, who do not even wait for the later hot July sun to roast the dainty morsel.

What, then, remains of us is snowed up all the winter, and we have plenty of leisure to compare the amount of hard-earned ready money our little lot of grain has brought us in with the tradesman's bill at the general store in town twenty miles away.

It frequently happens that the two lots of figures are so much alike that we cannot tell t'other from which.

THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS FOR NEW ZEALAND.

A BITTER COMPLAINT.

We have received a letter, written on board the s.s. "Waratah," of Lund's Blue Anchor Line, bound from London to Australia, and signed by 296 third-class passengers, name by name, 246 being male and 50 female, complaining bitterly of their treatment as passengers on board the "Waratah." At the outset food was insufficient, and it was not until a deputation waited on the captain that sufficient food was provided. The quality of tea and coffee remained "vile, to say the least." The sleeping accommodation to be provided is thus described in the illustrated pamphlets issued by the Company:—

> "The third-class acommodation is of the very best. There is a large dining-room extending the whole length of the vessel. A very large number of the cabins contain only 2 or 4 berths, and no cabin has more than 8 berths."

Our correspondents inform us that "only a very small proportion of the passengers can use the dining-saloon; the majority have rough forms and benches erected over the ship's hold." They go on to say:—

> There are at least seven ten-berth cabins, the measurement of one being 8ft. by 12ft. by 7ft. in height, whilst an eight-berth cabin measures 10ft. by 8ft. by 7ft. The height from the lower bunk to the upper one is 2ft. 9in. It is impossible therefore for the man in the lower bunk to sit up.
>
> No less than 500 passengers are berthed in temporary cabins—rough wooden structures, holding equally rough bunks very similar to egg boxes. These are so short that it is impossible for a man over the average height to lie comfortably. There is no ventilation apart from portholes in the side "boxes," and the hatchways leading down to the feeding places. In rough weather these are all closed.
>
> Everyone understood that each cabin was fitted with washing arrangements, in many, however, the only toilet requisite is a looking glass fixed in a useless position. Many of the mattresses are wet on the underside.
>
> On the fore deck rough temporary sheds are erected as places of convenience, containing 14 hand basins and two baths. Water supply is not connected, and these are to meet the needs of some 200 men berthed in this part of the ship. The w.c.'s are neither decent nor sufficient in number. The sanitary arrangements in the permanent quarters are disgraceful, no attention apparently being given to the floors which are continually flooded.
>
> The fresh water supply is filthy, we understand that there was no time to cleanse the tanks before sailing from London.
>
> The stewards are insufficient in number to cope with the necessary work. There are only two cooks for the crew and 3rd class passengers (about 800 souls).
>
> We are bound to endure this life for seven weeks at least; but we rely upon the publication of these facts for preventing others who follow having to rough it to such an extent after paying the full fare with their hard earned money. We think of the women and children.

This is a bitter complaint advanced with much circumstantiality. What do the owners of the "Waratah" say to it?

CHANGELETS.

£200 IN PRIZES THIS WEEK.

THE VERY LATEST THING IN COMPETITIONS.

ALL ABOUT CHANGELETS.

In this new contest, Changelets, you are provided with a paragraph from which you must remove five of the words and substitute five others in the same places, and thus give the sentence a different meaning. Here is an example which will make the matter perfectly clear to you. You might be given a sentence such as this:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

By the removal of five words, and the substitution of five new ones, we get the following sentence. The new words are underlined:

"Be kind, sweet girls, and let the men be veters."

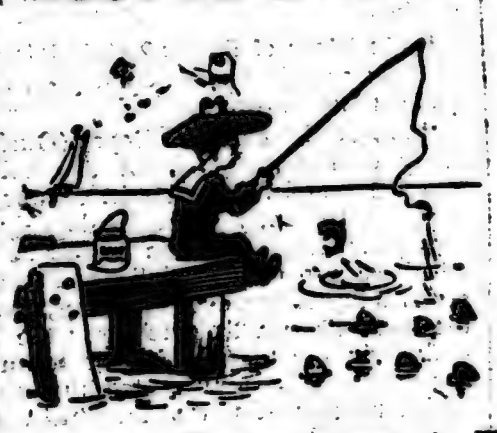
£885 NOW AWARDED.

You will see that the charm of this contest is its extreme simplicity. During the past few weeks £885 has been awarded to successful competitors, and this week the prize money offered is £200.

Below you will find a coupon containing a paragraph which must be treated in the manner described above. The paragraph is:

"There are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.



Paragraph: There are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

With five words altered can become

Changelet: There are as many funny things in this soup as ever seen out of it.

Any alteration in a word whatever will be regarded as a change. For example: *Ever* changed into *every* becomes a new word.

Lightly cross out on the form below FIVE WORDS—NO MORE, NO FEWER—and write in ink carefully and clearly above each crossed-out word the word you wish to substitute. Then fill in your name and address in the space provided.

YOU MAY USE THIS ENTRY FORM.

CHANGELETS No. 8. | *Postal Order No.* _____

There	are	as	many	good
fish	in	the	sea	as
ever	came	out	of	it.

I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

Address .....

RULES WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
2. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.
3. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "CHANGELETS No. 8" in the top left-hand corner.
4. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, December 10th. THE RESULT WILL APPEAR IN *Pearson's Weekly* ONLY.

The adjudication of all attempts sent in will be carried out with the greatest possible care and consideration. £50 will be awarded to the sender of the paragraph which is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. £25 will be awarded to the sender of the paragraph which is considered to be the second best, and £10 to the sender of the third best. The remaining £115 will be divided in Consolation Prizes amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

The Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understang.—[ADVT.]

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"**The Liberationist,**" by Harold Bindloss (Ward, Lock: 6s.), is written in a bold dramatic style, and affords a striking picture of life in West Africa. The author seems to be an imitator of the late Mr. Seton Merriman, and the only fault I have to find with him is that he follows his model somewhat too slavishly. All his characters might have been taken straight out of Merriman's books. Still, Mr. Bindloss is well worth reading for his own sake.

"**God's Toys,**" by May Adlington (Collier: 6s.), is mawkish and neurotic. It contains too much about children and their prayers. The love episodes are evidently the work of an amateur.

"**The Little Brown Brother,**" by Stanley Portal Hyatt (Constable: 6s.), treats of fighting in the Philippines, and contains plenty of incident of an inspiring kind.

"**Never Say Die,**" by the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitch (Collier: 6s.), might have been written by a bright lad of nine. The only fragment of interest appears in the preface, which begins as follows:—

> Belonging, as I do, to the Imperial Blood, and being a member of one of the reigning Houses, I should like to prove to the world how wrong it is in thinking—as the majority of mankind are apt to do—that we are the happiest beings on this earth.

He has certainly succeeded in proving that one of them may be the silliest.

I remember reading some brilliant journalistic work by Miss Maud Churton once upon a time. Now she re-appears as Mrs. Braby with a book called "**Modern Marriage and How to Bear It**" (Laurie: 3s. 6d. net). It is neither very profound nor very amusing. Indeed, I am not sure that it is intended to be either. But "wild oats for wives" ought to be popular in these days of female emancipation, though they might lead to complications.

"**The Soul of Crœsus,**" by Gerald Villiers-Stuart (Laurie: 6s.), contains an extraordinary jumble of magic and hypnotism, sometimes almost exciting, and a profusion of epigrams, some of which do not miss fire. With compression and re-moulding the book might be made quite successful.

"**Psyche,**" by Louis Couperus (Rivers: 3s. 6d.), is translated from the Dutch, and is, perhaps, a little too fanciful for my sober taste, but there are some graceful touches, and the illustrations by Mr. Calthrop are delightful.

I do not usually care for historical novels, but "**The Fifth Queen Crowned,**" by Ford Madox Hueffer (Nash: 6s.), has a soothing charm which I found difficult to resist. Even Henry VIII. is made almost interesting.

Much as I resent being taken back to the days of Henry VIII., I am still more opposed to the idea of being returned to the period when we were monkeys. This is what Mr. Jack London does in "**Before Adam**" (Laurie: 6s.), and I must say that I found it very difficult to interest myself in his prehistoric dreams. They are like one very long tune repeated over and over again. But the tune possesses melody, and, while it does not excite, it certainly does not irritate.

"**Captain Margaret,**" by John Masefield (Richards: 6s.), is breezy and natural, sometimes a little coarse perhaps, but interesting from start to finish.

"**Portalone,**" by C. Ranger-Gull (Greening: 1s. net), is difficult to read, even though it is about Cornwall. Mr. Dark would be more tolerable if he were less melodramatic.

"**The Heart-Smiter,**" by Mary E. Mann (Methuen: 6s.), is light and sparkling, like the best Pilsen, but leaves a reader unsatisfied. The author has an excellent style, and gives admirable delineations of character, with a few sure, swift strokes.

"**The Kings of England, their Wives and Mistresses**" (Humphreys: 2s.), is a mere catalogue, and may be dismissed as quite unnecessary.

"**The Bond,**" by Neith Boyce (Duckworth: 6s.), is a minute study of the temperament of emotional, but not unusual, married people. All the irritations consequent upon propinquity, the petty jealousies largely due to vanity, the mild flirtations embarked upon mainly as a relief from monotony, all these are very skilfully and naturally depicted. There are also ingenious, even amusing, conversations, and, though the book flags a little towards the end, it is, as a whole, eminently readable. Except for a few small touches, I should never have suspected that the book was American, and I may mention that I intend that for high praise.

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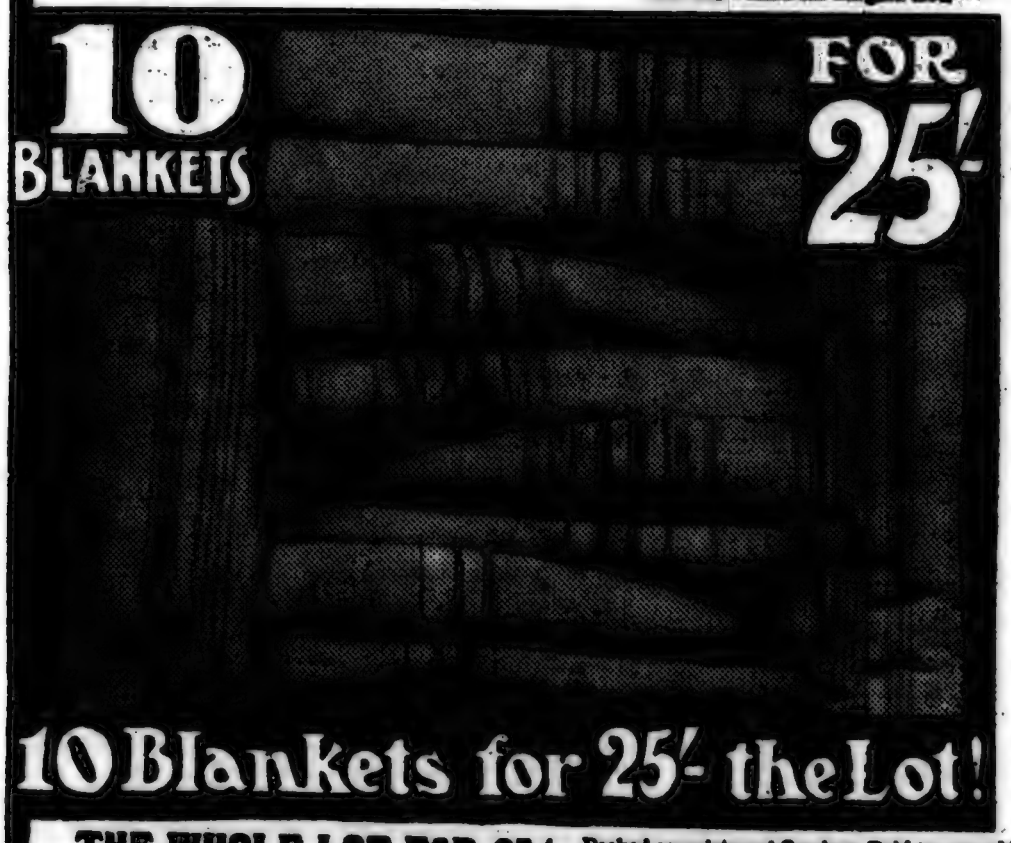

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THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES.

Among other letters we have received since our last issue is the following, which seems to us to deserve a reply from the authorities concerned:—

May I be permitted to thank you for so kindly drawing the attention of the public to the finance, &c., of the Corps of Commissionaires, and at the same time removing the mistaken idea that we are supported by charity.

It has always been a very sore point with us that we have never had any voice in the manner in which our funds are invested or applied.

That we have a cause to be sore about it need not surprise those outside when they know of the big depreciation shown in our Savings Bank funds.

When we see that such speculative stocks like deferred stocks of Home Rails bought at high prices, viz., South Eastern Def. bought at 116 about, the price being now about 83, one cannot wonder that twelve months ago the writer found that there was a depreciation of nearly 22 per cent. in capital value besides the thousands lost in interest, and I think you will agree with me that there is little reason for an investment of this class for what is practically a trustee savings bank, for it only returns us 3 per cent. It has no staff to pay, the upkeep being paid for out of the General Fund.

Personally, I must say that the power those in authority have for investing our funds seems to be too wide and needs revision. I have not seen the last Report yet, they are not easy to get, but the last report I have says: "The financial position is strong, and the value of the freehold property is far in excess of the cost price."

This statement would be more satisfactory if it stated whether it was the Executive Committee's valuation or an expert's, also if the actual cost is meant or the first cost, for it is only natural to assume that if one bought property for £1,000, then put £500 later in improvements, that the property would be of greater value than its original cost.

May I also mention that in addition to the cost of entering the Corps mentioned by you last week, that three months' Corps charges, amounting to 27s., have to be paid in advance, also the first week's wages has to be surrendered.

Another Commissionaire writes:—

I should like to add the following, which I presume has been accidentally omitted. There are four Church parades a year, viz., February, April, June, and October.

The first (February) is supposed to commemorate the formation of the corps by the late Sir E. Walter, and which in reality is a farce, as we are fined 2s. if not present, and beyond a few attending ordinary Divine Service, no mention is ever made, except in the way of the above fine, of the history of the formation of the corps.

The second (April) is a bigger absurdity. This is supposed to be the one for the fitting of the new annual clothing (which, by the way, we pay for), and which has already been passed as fitted by an officer (?) of the corps, and passed by the tailor who is supposed to have had the clothing made up to measurements already taken. On this parade the tailor assists the commanding officer in making a formal inspection. The fine, however, is still imposed on any absentees, some of whom live a considerable distance away and have to pay railway fares, for what is considered a frivolous freak of the corps.

The third (annual in June) is taken on the whole for granted and ought to be the only one during the year. In this case, however, the fine is raised from 2s. to 5s., and you are mercilessly told you must either be employed all night or bodily sick to be excused from it.

The October parade is a repetition of the February one, only it is supposed to be in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo. What have Commissionaires, who are employed during the whole of the week at various duties, to do with the battle of Waterloo, excepting in the way of history and remembering?

In addition to the above fines we have to go and answer our numbers every month and pay our accounts, which are paid personally, but the corps do not overlook the rotten fine, should we not answer our numbers.

Then, again, we pay so much for our uniforms every month, but on every new issue of clothes we receive we must return the old clothes, which are rightly our own property and have already once been paid for, or we are charged the worn out value, which they wrongly declare is due from us. Apart from that we do not even see a percentage of these fines or clothing charges, so that I think we have every good reason to be on the grumbling side.

Another Commissionaire writes:—

Some inquiry should be made as to the disposal of the goods and cash of the old men that die in the barracks; as no word is sent to relatives, and the money goes to the funds. Advantage of the men's way of being recluse is taken. I was told of one old man who was known to have several hundreds, and all went to the funds?

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THE MOLASSINE CO., Ltd., 31, Mark Lane, London, E.C., for full particulars.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

My Lord,—I am not surprised that you should be one of the defenders of the Licensing Bill, in view of your lifelong devotion to the Cause of Temperance. But I do think that it was a little unkind of you to go out of your way to grudge certified lunatics the right to take exercise in the open air. Many of them are quite as sane as certain politicians, at any rate during a large proportion of the twenty-four hours, and, given proper control, they need be neither a danger nor a nuisance to ordinary persons in country lanes. Many of them are people of education, accustomed to every comfort and luxury which money can buy, and it seems intolerable that they should not only be treated like criminals and paupers inside their asylums, but that busybodies should seek to deprive them of the benefits of the open air. No doubt you thought you were very funny when you sought to raise a cheap laugh by observing that some of your hearers evidently derived pleasure from the sight of these poor creatures at exercise, and that you "would be the last to interfere with the tastes of anybody." Again, you said that such persons as were not distressed and annoyed by the walks of the patients, could, you presumed, enjoy the sight in the asylum grounds. Again, when your audience dissented from your callous remark that "all invalids have to submit to this monotony," you retorted insolently, "Well, except those suffering from delirium tremens. I believe they have a more lively time than most people." You remind me of those strange beings who take a pleasure in mocking the infirmities of cripples, and I only hope that the day may not come when you may yourself stand in need of the sympathy and forbearance of others. John Bull.

To the Lady Llangattock.

My Lady,—I have seen your portraits in one of Lord Northcliffe's papers, and must commend you for your lack of vanity in permitting them to be published. I have no doubt that you are a very well-meaning old lady, full of good works, the possessor of a mind paved with the very best of intentions. But I must say that you appear in an absurd, not to say snobbish part when you go down to a Labour Relief Depot in the Old Kent Road, and set yourself to taste the soup and saw the wood of the unfortunate wretches who are exploited by the Church Army. From your attitude in the picture, I should imagine that you were about as skilful in sawing wood as in jumping over the moon. If you had to earn your soup by the sweat of your brow and the strength of your own right arm, you would probably go very hungry to bed. A gentleman with gold spectacles and a college cap seems to be doing all the work while you are just touching the other end of the saw with your mittens, in what is evidently intended to be the high ceremonial manner of your ladyship. Nor can I congratulate you as a soup-taster. You might have made some small effort to look as though you enjoyed it, instead of calling up so terrible a look of anxiety to the face of "Prebendary Carlile (in glasses)," who seems to cherish the most hideous alarm lest you should burn your tongue or lest his victuals should disagree with you. I must be allowed to enter a protest against the insolent condescension of well-fed persons who intrude themselves in this way upon the sufferings of the very poor. John Bull.

To Sir Sherston Baker, County Court Judge, Grimsby.

May it please your Honour,—I trust that you are no longer fatigued. Recently you came into court, remarking that you felt tired; you never remembered when you felt so jaded. But you would do your duty; you would sit as long as you could. For a time, therefore, you held on. Then you espied a jury case, so you intimated that if the parties would not withdraw the jury, the case would be adjourned to the December court. The case was adjourned accordingly. The parties had their witnesses present; the jury had left their businesses and wasted their time. But your Honour could not help it. You were so tired, so very tired. As you explained, you had sat a whole six hours on the previous Tuesday, and five hours on Wednesday—done eleven hours in two days, in fact—and the exertion had exhausted your physical energies. You had overworked yourself to the point of vital distress. If you had sat another ten minutes the usher would have had to call in the doctor. I beg your Honour to accept my advice and reduce these excessive labours, otherwise I shall have to move the Lord Chancellor to close the court while you recuperate in a nursing home. John Bull.

To the Rev. Smyth-Pigott, Abode of Lust, Spaxton, Bridgwater.

Beast,—I dare say that by this time you will have learnt that the Bishop of Bath and Wells is desirous of your personal appearance before a Consistory Court to answer a charge he has made against you of being guilty of conduct which renders you incapable of holding preferment in the Church. He has been a long time contemplating this action, but my recent revelations have at last moved him to cite you. I do not suppose his lordship expects that you will appear to answer; I am sure you will not. A blasphemous impostor who has feathered his foul nest in the diocese of Bath and Wells for so long is not likely to appear in an ecclesiastical court to answer charges made at so late a day. It matters little to you whether you are cast out of the Church or not. What does matter to you is the retention of the confidence of your dupes and the support of your accomplices.

You dare not even go into a civil court to claim damages for libel. I have libelled you for several weeks past, and I am libelling you in this open letter to give you another chance to prove that you are maligned and wronged. I say you are a blasphemer. I say you are an impostor. I say you are a hypocrite. I say you are a foul creature fit only for public loathing, a dishonourer of women, a bogus Messiah who profits by their dishonour. Now, Pigott, take me into a criminal court and indict me, or take me into a civil court and claim damages, at your choice; both are open to you. You know better. You believe yourself to be cushioned against the law in your paradise of lust. But, sooner or later, there will surely come a day when you will be laid by the heels. For the moment I will not waste more words on you. Silence is your armour and your shield. But it is also your condemnation in the sight of all men. John Bull

Dorando, New York.

Congratulations on beating the Yankee at last. The fact that you did so after training on Chianti should go far to rebut some of the nonsense talked by teetotal fanatics. I see that Hayes still thinks he can beat you. Why not take him on? I shall certainly have a bit on you. Bull.

Ingram, Bishop of London.

Rumour current that you intend to take out of Licensing Bill all clauses of nature of real temperance and turn them into Bill of your own. Would it not be rather small beer? Bull.

Mrs. Littler, Birkenhead.

Deep sympathy loss of your gallant husband in "Sardinia" disaster. Proved himself brave, resourceful, and noble Englishman, whose name, while stories of great deeds are told, will never be forgotten. Bull.

Birrell, House of Commons.

Notice you have been telling some country yokels that Government still means to carry Licensing Bill. "Li-ar." Bull.

Brougham, Official Receiver, London.

Notice that information in Rex *v.* Bottomley is sworn by your clerk, Fox, instead of by yourself. Very foxy—and equally contemptible. Bull.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BOTTOMLEY PROSECUTION.

A descriptive summary of the proceedings in this case will appear each week from the pen of a well-known barrister.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN.

FOOTPAD (Lloyd George): "Now I shall just nab him nicely as he comes out."

DECEMBER 5TH, 1908. JOHN BULL. 605

IN THE CITY.

SOME BANKING DANGERS OF THE PRESENT TIME.

The superabundance of bankers' floating money during the current half-year has been causing considerable anxiety to the joint stock banks of late, and, unless there is a marked change in conditions, they will shortly be faced with more dangers than one.

Although for a moment rates have temporarily stiffened, it is impossible to deny that Sir Felix Schuster correctly interpreted all the available indications for the future when he said, in his inaugural address to the Institute of Bankers, that "A cycle of lean years for bankers was in sight," and that being so, the first danger confronting the banks is a reduction in their dividends, though indeed, if they will boldly accept the inevitable and make such reduction, the other dangers referred to will in great measure disappear. There is, however, a temptation to keep these up at all costs, because if a bank reduces its dividends, its shares will fall. This may possibly affect its credit, and consequently its earning power. At all costs, therefore, it is obvious—to a bank director—that anything is preferable to reducing his dividend.

Had the eminent old gentlemen who controlled the banks in the days of their real prosperity been possessed of sufficient foresight and intelligence to realise that moderate dividends were preferable to high ones, that the former meant absence of strain, liberty to pick and choose the best business, and the power of laying by solid reserves for cash, these institutions would now be in a far preferable position to that which they occupy to-day.

Trade is dull, wholesale prices are low, the whole turnover of business has been much contracted, and securities are cheap. There are great stocks of gold in all the principal State banks of Europe, while record quantities of new gold are now regularly coming to market.

Unfortunately, apart from the purely temporary conditions incidental to the close of the year, there is no reason to expect any material improvement in conditions for a long time to come. On the contrary, all the indications seem to show that money will continue to flow back into the banks in increasing quantities.

It must be remembered that nowhere is the science of banking carried out in such perfection as in Great Britain.

In other countries a certain portion of each person's realised wealth is kept by him in his own possession in the shape of currency. But here, except for the very smallest of small change, we keep all our cash at the bank.

But while it is a good thing, in some ways, to employ every penny of your available resources, it is also a good thing to have something in reserve.

The natural and only result to be expected from these conditions—superabundance of money existing simultaneously with a low level of Stock Exchange prices—is a rise in the price of securities.

Unfortunately a rise in prices, based on these conditions, tends to increase the amount of available banking credit, and consequently matters revolve in what may be called "a vicious circle" until the logical and inevitable end, inflation, a boom, and—a crash.

Here, then, is one of the dangers ahead of bank managers.

Another is that in their strenuous efforts to avoid reducing their dividends, they will be driven to employ this plethora of funds in directions which would not otherwise be entertained, and which, therefore, it is not unfair to describe as beyond the category of legitimate banking business. Sir Felix Schuster was speaking of what he knew when he said, "Bad debts are mostly contracted when money is cheap."

At a certain period, commencing about twenty years ago, the joint stock bankers were seized with a somewhat similar mania to that which shortly after attacked the brewers. The latter competed with each other in buying up licences at fancy prices, and the former in opening branches, with the result that public-houses and branch banks are now the chief architectural features of our streets. The competition was as mad and reckless in the one case as in the other. The effect of this multiplication of branches was that, while it did not materially increase the volume of profitable business, it swelled enormously the burden of fixed charges.

As the result of this competition for business, legitimate charges to customers were cut down in every direction, and proper restrictions as to balances and opening accounts were more and more whittled down. Thus, while the work to be done by a bank has enormously increased during the past twenty years, the payment to be obtained from the public for doing that work has considerably decreased.

Simultaneously there has been a keen competition for deposits, with the result which might have been foreseen—the vast accumulations of banking credit have tended to reduce profits to a minimum; and, indeed, so far from being an unmixed joy, these enormous totals, inasmuch as they tend to give a fictitious value to securities, really constitute one of the greatest dangers of modern banking—a danger which, although ignored for long, has been only too painfully apparent to bank managers during the long and heavy liquidation of the last few years.

Hitherto the competition between banks has been mainly a competition for deposits. It is to be feared that the pressure of cheap money is now driving them into a competition for loans. It may not be easy at first sight to realise the seriousness of this, but in view of the fact that the great clearing banks are responsible for the cash resources of the entire country, anything which tends to encourage advances on or to invest in anything but the soundest and most liquid securities is a public danger.

There is one other banking danger at the present time—or perhaps it is incorrect so to qualify it, for it has been ever present for the last eighteen years—the inadequacy of Reserves.

We pointed out in our issue of March 14th how universally this danger was recognised by all the leading bankers, and how, with one or two honourable exceptions, they unanimously "agreed to disagree" on any practical reforms suggested. But unless they speedily decide on and adopt a practical remedy for themselves, they will find themselves face to face with the legislation which they all deprecate so much.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

The secretary of this society complains that the answer given to "Pearl, Woodford Green," in our issue of November 14th, may be misunderstood. It ran: "We think you might make a better selection." What we meant, and should have made clear, was that for the particular purpose of our inquirer, another society would be preferable. We had no intention to hint at anything derogatory to the National Deposit Friendly Society, of which, by the way, we have frequently spoken in terms of appreciation. Whilst we are referring to this society, we may say that the sick payments to the members are provided partly from the Common Sick Fund and partly from the members' deposit (according to class), and seeing that a rate is made each year on the members' contributions for that proportion of the sick benefit provided by the society, there can be no question as to its solvency. The list of investments appearing in the report annually published by the society will satisfy anyone who studies it that the members' money is carefully invested, and it is to be noted that the accounts are audited by a public auditor.

RANDFONTEIN EXTENSIONS.

Judging from the chairman's address at the recent meeting of this company, a satisfactory adjustment of the capital account has been effected during the past year. After discharging all liabilities there is in hand a cash working capital of about £15,000, and an option to purchase at a premium the balance of the unissued shares, amounting to about 30,000, has been taken up by a group of Continental bankers. The property owned by the company has been considerably added to, and now includes some 86 claims situated mostly in the West Rand District, which has recently been the scene of several important mineral discoveries.

SELECTED GOLD MINES OF AUSTRALIA.

It is about time this liquidation was finally closed. We are curious to see how much of the liquid cash has been expended by, or paid to, Messrs. Carter and Bell, the solicitors for the Receiver, and who recently received a severe castigation at the hands of the Law Society.

THE BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.

Referring to our reference to this Company in our last issue, Mr. W. Corrie Jones writes to us to say that the capital of the Company has actually been increased to £100,000, and of this amount there has now been issued some £15,000.

THE ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

We have received a very large number of letters complaining of the action of the One and All Sickness and Accident Assurance Association. We shall deal with them in our next issue.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—S. G. (Bushey).—The bank you name is, we think, quite sound, but we should prefer the Birkbeck. AN INTERESTED READER (Deptford).—The Birkbeck is as good as any.

TWO COMPANIES.—F. E. F. (Holloway).—We fear your shares are of no value.

ELANDSLAAGTE COLLIERIES (NATAL).—G. A. B. (Manchester).—We should be inclined to hold for the present, but do not increase your holding.

GOLDEN STATES MINES, LIMITED.—E. G. F. (Birmingham).—We know of no dealings in them.

NEW FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—B. P. M. (Shoreditch).—Much better keep to one of the older ones.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—S. H. (London).—Have nothing to do with them. R. W. M. (Guernsey).—Ditto. W. C. (Great Yarmouth).—The papers have been returned to you under cover.

BREWERY DEBENTURES.—B. (Liverpool).—We should hold. Things will mend by and bye.

THE ROYAL CO-OPERATIVE COLLECTING SOCIETY.—E. F. (Gloucester).—It is impossible for us to express an opinion upon the matter without seeing the papers.

SUNDRY SHARES.—B. A. H.—The shares you mention in your letter are, without exception, worthless.

STATUS OF MOTOR CAB COMPANY.—W. L. E. (Shrewsbury).—We are not very hopeful about the future of the company, and we strongly advise you not to have anything to do with the Liverpool outside brokers you name.

CORPORATION OF COVENTRY.—W. T. M. (Erdington).—The investment would, of course, be safe, and, if you are satisfied with the yield, there is no reason why you should not lend the corporation your £200.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—OBSERVER (Erdington).—We note that you dissent from our reply to "G. M. (Birmingham)," in our issue of November 21st, and, in doing so, you are very abusive. Abuse is always objectionable, and especially so when, as in this case, the writer is too cowardly to give his name and address.

BRITISH HOMES BUILDING SOCIETY.—G. W. P. (Folkestone).—We see no objection.

MINT PUBLISHING COMPANY.—MAKATRO (Cirencester).—Probably not.

THE CENTURY EQUITABLE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—S. P. (Swansea Valley).—Yes.

CONVERSION OF BUSINESS.—STOKE NEWINGTON.—We cannot answer your letter unless you give us your name and address.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—E. F. K. (Wimbledon).—We do not recommend depositing with institutions offering such a high rate of interest. G. S. W. (Nantyglo).—See previous answer.

BOOZE', LIMITED.—AN ADMIRER OF JOHN BULL.—We are obliged to you for the many interesting facts you send us with respect to the inner management of this company, but we cannot act upon anonymous communications.

ROBINSON BANK.—A SHAREHOLDER (Brighton).—We agree that the exact position of the bank should be made known to shareholders, but in these matters it is very difficult to force unwilling directors.

IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—AUTOMOBILE (Queen's Park).—In our opinion it cannot.

LONDON AND COUNTIES EXCHANGE.—FIRNEGAIR (Hamilton).—Our advice to you is to leave the Eldorado to the friends who think they have found it.

STOCK EXCHANGE CORPORATION.—S. C. (Garthorpe).—There must be some mistake. Write again, and let us know the result.

SHERA GOLD MINES.—COURIER (Dundee).—We should hold what you have on the chance of improvement in price, but cannot recommend you to buy more at the price you name.

MINING SPECULATIONS.—INVESTOR (Glasgow).—We do not give advice upon such transactions.

AMALGAMATED PRESS.—J. L. H. (Holloway).—The matters to which you refer are not to be ignored, but we think the shares represent a fair speculative investment.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—J. R. (Cwmparc).—Quite safe.

LONDON AND PARIS STOCK EXCHANGE.—INTERESTED (Colchester).—Yes, we think so.

JEWISH COLONIAL TRUST.—S. J. B. (Grimsby).—There are no dealings in them.

YMIR GOLD.—CAUTIOUS (Ilford).—We cannot advise it.

STATUS OF TRUST ASSOCIATION.—G. R. P. (Birmingham).—We cannot advise you to have dealings with the concern you name.

HUMBER ORDINARY.—ZENOPHON (Watford).—We should not be inclined to increase the holding.

UNITED WORKERS' ASSOCIATION.—GRANVILLE (Rotherham).—We have no information respecting this concern.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—DIXIE (West Kirby).—(1) No. (2) It is quite impossible to get the official delivery you speak of.

NORTH WALES IRON AND MANGANESE COMPANY.—D. J. (Liverpool).—We are obliged to you for the information you send us with respect to this Company and its present position. The register of the Company must be open for inspection for two hours daily.

PROVIDENCIA MINES (MEXICO).—C. Y. N.—No, we do not advise a purchase of these shares. J. P. (Glasgow).—Ditto.

WOOLWICH EQUITABLE BUILDING SOCIETY.—K. M. A. M. (Glasgow).—It is a society of repute.

PREMIUM BONDS.—S. J. G. (Brunswick Square).—It is impossible for us to tell you whether "the Government will stop Premium Bond business in this country." M. W.—Yes, but we have no doubt you gave about 25 per cent. more than you need have done.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. M. (Derby).—Better have nothing to do with them. W. R. (Blackburn).—Ditto. M. B. (Bradford).—Ditto. R. D. E. (Cardigan).—We cannot recommend any one of them. H. G. T. (Norwich).—The simpler way would be to instruct a solicitor. A. M. M. (Darlington).—No. DIDO (Plymouth).—Have nothing to do with the people you name. W. S. (Alntree).—We have heard nothing more of the proceedings. OSTERLEY (Isleworth).—We never recommend any of these firms. J. H. S. (Liverpool).—Have nothing to do with the people whose circular you send us. MRS. S. (Glasgow).—Have nothing to do with the people you name. A. S. (Edinburgh).—Our opinion of them is that they are thieves. G. R. S. (Brighton).—We should not. G. W. (Elgin).—Do not have dealings with either of them. M. H. G. (Bournemouth).—Have nothing to do with them or any such "systems" of making money.

NILE VALLEY MINING COMPANY.—S. C. F. (London).—We should sell for what you can get. Have nothing to do with the other shares you mention. answer.

POSITION OF SHAREHOLDER.—C. A. R. (Highgate).—It is impossible for us to answer the questions you put to us when you send us no documents, and do not even give us the name of the company to which you refer.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—M. H. W. (Earlsfield).—Its financial position is very strong. L. (Harrow Road).—If you went to law you would only be adding to your loss. You have no claim against the association. You took up a £500 bond. You allowed it to lapse after paying upon it for three years, and, as the association distinctly state that there is no surrender value until the bond is five years old, you have no claim upon the company. F. J. (Plymouth).—The financial position of the company is very strong.

VARIOUS SHARES.—J. C. (Glasgow).—We should not buy the copper shares you mention, but we should hold the others for the present.

THE ADVERTISING CONCESSIONS (PARENT COMPANY), LTD.—CAPITALIST (Herne Hill).—We think not.

TRAMWAY SHARES.—B. E. (Bishopsgate).—We should be inclined to sell them.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM COMPANY.—NEMO (Brymawn).—We cannot recommend dealings with it.

PAYMENT UPON POLICY.—JONES (Pontlottyn).—The answer is obvious. Ascertain whether your relative is dead or not. Seeing that she did not leave the country, there cannot be much difficulty in doing so.

LONDON CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—J. W. McP. (South Hackney).—We have never heard anything to the contrary. We return your papers under cover.

SCOTTISH UNION BONUS.—F. S. (Durham).—You say that your father was insured with the Scottish Union Insurance Company for £1,000, with a bonus added every five years. He died in September, and, as the bonus year is 1909, you expected a percentage of the bonus, which has amounted on an average to £10 every five years. The premium was £46 4s. 2d. per annum. The company informed you that they only may pay up to 1904. The explanation is that the Old "Scottish Union" Company never gave intermediate bonuses, and at the time of its amalgamation with the "Scottish Union" Company, in 1878, each company's method of distributing its profits was fixed by Act of Parliament. Whatever, therefore, may be said for or against the system, the company has no power to alter it.

GLASGOW ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. T. (Skipton).—You seem to have a good case against the company.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. F. (London).—We know nothing about it.

HEARTS OF OAK INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. K.—Yes, quite safe.

BEST INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. A. V. (Stroud Green).—We cannot answer your question unless you let us know the particular kind of insurance you want.

NEW YORK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. L. (Carlisle).—It is still perfectly solvent, but we do not think its business is moving much in this country, and, anyway, we never recommend American life assurance companies. We return your papers.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. H. (Streatham).—The offer seems small, but your difficulty is that you are legally entitled to nothing. Therefore, whatever the company offers you, they offer as a matter of grace.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.—READER OF J. B. (Kingston).—It is an office of high standing. So also is the City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company, whose shareholders are entitled to one-tenth of the divisible valuation profit in addition to interest on their own funds.

MAJESTIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—R. H. D. (Peckham).—We think not.

THE TEMPLE FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—TIMBER TRADE (Prestwich).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not place the insurance with this company.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER AND INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. J. B. (Leicester).—Our information does not materially differ from that you had from elsewhere. A READER (Billingtown).—Yes, we think so.

PROVIDENT CLERKS' AND GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—CLARENDON (Maida Vale).—It is an excellent association.

THE IRISH PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. D. L. (Belfast).—We cannot see why you should have refused to remit the instalments to the head office in Dublin. It would have been no trouble to send a cheque to them. Of course, the company is bound to give particulars as to monies paid, and we cannot suppose they would refuse to do so if properly requested. We return your papers under cover.

SELF-HELP ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. F. (Hanwell).—We have no information.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. O. (Swansea).—We would suggest that you write direct to the company's head office, giving the number and date of your policy. From our knowledge of the Company your application will receive courteous and prompt attention. Of course, you are aware that the principle on which life assurance premiums are calculated is, that out of every 1,000 persons who effect a policy in any given year so many will die during that year, so many the second year, so many the third and fourth years and so on, and although they have only paid one-fortieth or one-sixtieth part of the sum assured, the premiums of those who live longer help to make up for those earlier deaths. This principle seems to be overlooked in some cases by those who have been fortunate enough to have their lives spared beyond the average span of life.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND SOUTH-EASTERN COUNTIES EQUITABLE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—ENQUIRER (Tunbridge).—The Society is a solvent and progressive institution, founded in 1881. It has now 103 branches, 18,500 members, and £100,000 accumulated funds.

THE VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—D. R. (Forest Gate).—We are obliged by your letter. There was no suggestion on our part that your wife made any statement to the Company wanting in good faith.

John Bull Six Per Cents.

We are prepared to deal in these shares, our present quotation being 1-1¼, *that is to say, par to an eighth premium; or, in other words, we are buyers at* £1 *per share and sellers at* £1 2s. 6d. *per share, fully paid. The shares are entitled to a Cumulative Preference Dividend of six per cent. per annum, and they possess the further right to be exchanged at the option of the holder into Ordinary Shares.*

APPLY SECRETARY, JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST & AGENCY, LTD., 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

HOBBIES (LIMITED) v. HANDICRAFTS (LIMITED) AND OTHERS.

The case of Hobbies (Limited) *v.* Handicrafts (Limited) and others serves anew to remind the layman of the wide divergence sometimes to be found between law and equity. The facts were hardly in dispute, and were ultimately admitted. A weekly journal named *Hobbies* had for its managing director a Mr. Skinner, who was the originator, and had had much to do with the success of the paper. He quarrelled with the board and left the paper, taking with him leading members of the staff, and started a rival paper, *Handicrafts*. In order to bring this new journal before the section of the public he desired to cater for, he circularised some 80,000 people, using for the purpose confidential information, in the way of addresses he had improperly taken with him from *Hobbies*. He did not justify this conduct on any plea save that he had originally collected the addresses, and had been shabbily treated. Hobbies (Limited) brought an action for damages, and for an injunction. The case lasted several days, but there was practically no defence, so far as Skinner was concerned, and he was mulcted in heavy damages. So far there is nothing to be said in comment. A dirty trick has met with adequate punishment. But others were joined in the suit, among them Odhams Limited, and it is here where grievous injustice has been done.

A Monstrous Law.

In making his arrangements for starting the rival paper Skinner went to Messrs. Odhams—who are among the largest newspaper printers in London, and have an unstained record going back for sixty years—and arranged with them to print *Handicrafts*. It was also agreed that Messrs. Odhams should take a certain number of shares in the paper, and that Mr. Odhams should go upon the board to look after his Company's interest. This was done, and it is not suggested that Messrs. Odhams behaved in any way improperly. They knew nothing about the surreptitious and improper use of the addresses—Skinner swore he never told them, and the judge said "they knew nothing whatever about the fraud that had been committed." Nevertheless, they were held liable in damages, because they were the printers of the journal and one of their directors was upon the board of *Handicrafts* (Limited)! Counsel for the plaintiffs "accepted unreservedly the statement that they had been misled," but though innocent they have to pay heavy damages, and a part of the costs—a big item—of a four days' trial with Mr. Duke, Mr. Bankes, Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., Mr. Horridge, M.P., Mr. Simon, M.P., and Mr. Shearman among the counsel employed. It seems a monstrous injustice, and the sooner the law is corrected to bring it into line with equity the better for the credit of our judicial institutions.

SEPARATION ORDERS.

"John Bull" Intervenes.

In our issue of October 3rd we directed attention to the case of a man whose record through life has been a good one, but who made a second marriage, which has been a most unhappy one, through no fault of his. A judicial separation was obtained on his application, and he undertook to pay his wife a certain sum weekly. He was then a tradesman, doing a fair business, but owing to the action of his wife it gradually fell away until it was absolutely impossible for him to make these payments. But the woman would not leave him alone, although she was not dependent upon the allowance. "In every conceivable way," as we wrote on October 3rd, "she harassed him, injured his credit, and finally ruined his business." To-day he would be in the workhouse if his two sons did not keep him out of it, but there stood the order, and whenever there was failure to pay, the wife pressed. You cannot get blood out of a stone, and the old man having no money wherewith to pay went to gaol. Time and again he was sent there. Five times he has gone to gaol because he was unable to find the money to pay the woman; five times during the present year, and when he came to us there was another summons out from the wife, and he saw no way of avoiding return to gaol. He said he had no money to put his case before the magistrate effectively, and unless he was represented properly the magistrate would not listen. Under these circumstances we thought we might do him a good turn by seeing that he was represented, and we instructed Mr. Percy J. H. Robinson, of 3, Renfrew Road, Lower Kennington Lane, S.E., to appear for him at the hearing of the summons. This Mr. Robinson did very ably, with the result that the magistrate saw that it would be grossly unjust to send this old man back to prison again, as he had no means with which to satisfy the order, and no likelihood of obtaining means. And so he discharged the order, much to the anger of the wife, who assaulted Howard and his son as they left the court, and had to be dealt with by the police. The old man is now once more a free man. The horror of imprisonment no longer hangs over him. His two sons—good lads both—are able and willing to meet his modest wants, and we are glad to think we have been the means of assisting him to this happier position.

INDEPENDENT EXPERT ADVICE on all insurance matters. Existing policies examined and criticised in the interests of the insurer, and their weak points disclosed. Before renewing existing policies, and before taking out new ones, consult the Insurance Advice Association, 31, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. Invalid lines and hazardous terms.

A YOUNG WIFE

Neuralgia, Maternity Weakness, Internal Chills—

What people *tell each other*, what they *go out of their way* to make known to others, proves how thoroughly they appreciate the benefits they derive from Phosferine. So certainly do our correspondents, *know* the curative efficacy of Phosferine in all nerve disorders, that, like the grateful young wife whose letter follows, they feel it is a real service to tell others their happy experience of the tonic. Mrs. Allison, the writer of the letter, states she was told what great benefit Phosferine would be if administered for the very serious maternity weakness, distressing nervous exhaustion and neuralgia from which she was suffering so acutely. Mrs. Allison accepted the advice and took a course of Phosferine, and made so rapid and permanent a recovery to robust health that she feels she must, also, in her turn, tell as many people as possible of the marvellous energising properties of the famous nerve tonic. This high appreciation of the revitalising qualities of Phosferine is quite customary in Royal Circles and also among distinguished doctors, nurses, etc. and form such a perfect assurance of its efficacy as to be beyond comparison altogether.

Never give trouble now.

Mrs. E. Allison, 38, Sussex Rd., Seven Sisters' Rd., London, N., writes:—"I feel I must encroach upon your time to tell you what good I obtained from Phosferine in a case of extreme weakness, following the birth of our little girl. I had passed through that very trying and anxious ordeal, and it left me utterly prostrated, a martyr to neuralgia, and a severe abdominal cold following, reduced me to a condition that was almost hopeless. It seemed impossible that I should regain my strength and health, and my husband and friends were much concerned at the sad state I was in. My cousin, who came to see me recommended me trying Phosferine, saying what lasting good she had derived from it, so that I was induced to give it a trial, and the result was splendid. I was most thankfully surprised and others were surprised too at the marvellous improvement it made in my condition in so short a time. My husband is loud in his praises, and I—well I feel able to rear my child, and that speaks for itself."—October, 15, 1908.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Indigestion	Maternity Weakness
Rheumatism	Premature Decay	Sleeplessness
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Anæmia
Influenza	Quinsy	Malaria

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

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H.M. the Queen of Roumania | H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia

The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE RE-CREATES THE NERVE FORCES.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Christmas Presents for Men.

It is always dreadfully difficult to know what to get the dear things. The bright Christmas shops are full of pretties that would delight the hearts of girl friends, but for husbands, brothers, and sweethearts—practically nothing! A devoted lover would almost certainly be enchanted with anything made by his lady's own fair hands, but even that has its dangers. I knew of a girl who made "him" a knitted tie. It was yellow, and he fancied that did not suit his style of beauty, so he did not wear it. Then—but no, it is too sad a story to tell so near Christmas time! But there are some things that must please. An artistic girl can exercise her skill on painting an almanack; an embroidered cover for a book can be done in canvas or velvet; a hand-worked bag to hang on the wall of his study to hold odds and ends of string might help to make him tidy; and I have seen some elaborately embroidered serviette rings that looked sweet. The shops are showing some very novel ash-trays, some specially designed for golf or fishing maniacs, with a caricature of a man in appropriate garb striding from one side of the tray to the other. A new form of cigarette lighter is called the "Cartridge." Its body is filled with benzine, and a spark struck by an old-world flint and steel sets alight a little wick. Some book-markers are to be got with absurd enamel heads, quaint, but far from pretty, designed to make the recipient laugh. I have seen some cuff-links in gold representing little Suffragettes, but no one could tell me whether they were to be given to a friend or a foe of the movement. Silver pepper-pots, too, are being much sold this Christmas, made in the form of a lady with sandwich-boards. On one board is written the familiar "Votes for Women," on the other "We can make things hot for you"!

Those Delightful Bonnets.

Directly the quaint and charming little old-fashioned bonnets made their appearance for motoring, it was prophesied that ere long they would be adopted for general use. They are so pretty and so universally becoming, it was not reasonable to suppose that the ladies who indulge in motors were to be allowed to keep them all to themselves. Their first step in everyday wear was made in Paris, where they have been used to solve the problem of the matinée hat. Londoners are going one better and wearing them for shopping and visiting. They differ from the motor bonnet inasmuch that the veiling does not fall from the very top—from whence it can easily be brought forward to shield the face from the wind—but is fastened at the back or sides like ordinary strings. These "pokes" are made in every conceivable contrast of colour, but it is strange how the combination of pink and fawn predominates. Practically every three out of five are in this sweet colour harmony.

Toilette Trifles.

When Michael Angelo discovered a tiny imperfection in one of his statues, a friend suggested that he should not trouble to alter it as it was only a trifle. "Yes," retorted the great sculptor, "But trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." So it is with a woman's toilette—it is the little things that make all the difference. Many and manifold are the charming little adornments that are being made for the throat. Frills and ruffles are quite Elizabethan in their size. The favourite form is a folded band of satin or velvet round the throat, a couple of closely pleated frills of tulle or net standing up around the ears. Sometimes this ribbon band ends in a neat bow in front, but it is equally correct to indulge in ends some twelve inches long finished by tassels and placed to the left side. For evening wear the latest winter novelty is a fur collar—a narrow strip of fur worn round the throat fastening in a butterfly bow at the back. Neat little ties for tailor-made gowns are made to match in colour the soft leather belts that are so popular. As regards jewellery, it is correct to wear large and handsome rings, but not many at a time. Chain bracelets are rather lavishly used, two or three on either arm. Amethysts, brought into fashion by Queen Alexandra who loves their colour, are still among the most fashionable of gems, and of course the lady who can bedeck herself with diamonds need have no fears about being thoroughly up-to-date in her choice of stones.

Easy Cookery.

Here are some perfectly delightful little meat patties, and so simple. Make some puff-pastry, and cut out ten or twelve circles of the paste and line small patty-pans therewith. Have previously minced—not too finely—three-quarters of a pound of fresh steak, salted and peppered to taste. Fill the pans therewith, and over the top place covers of the pastry. Press together but not round the very edge, as that is wanted to rise. Brush with beaten-up egg, pierce a hole in the top, and pop into the oven. They will cook fairly quickly, and be as nice heated-up as when freshly cooked. Sardines can be treated in something the same manner. Several hours before making, scrape the fish slightly, cut off their little heads and tails, and sprinkle them with a lot of pepper and a considerable amount of lemon juice. The acid seems to penetrate and dissolve the bones. Cut pieces of pastry to right size to wrap round one sardine, do not press the ends together, brush with egg—this is to brown and glaze the pastry—and bake in a moderate oven.

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"For quite a long time I was a martyr to indigestion. Instead of being nourished by what I ate I got nothing but pain both in chest and back. But thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup I was soon entirely free from the pains, and able to eat anything. I am quite well now." From Mr. W. A. Nicholls, 22, Walpole Road, Clifton Hill, New Cross, London, S.E. *Jan. 11th, 1908.*

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Some Christmas Plays.

Central London will be very well supplied with Christmas entertainments again this year. Not only are we to have actual pantomimes at Drury Lane, the Lyceum, and the Adelphi, but there is to be a Yuletide programme "for children and others" at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Beerbohm Tree ordinarily is a busy man: with a big evening bill, Hauptmann's "Hannele" at the Afternoon Theatre, and "Pinkie and the Fairies" coming along, he should find his time tolerably full. "Pinkie and the Fairies" promises extremely well. It is from the pen of an exceptionally able writer, namely, Mr. Graham Robertson; and the cast will include our most charming woman actor in Miss Ellen Terry, as well as Misses Marie Lohr and Viola Tree, and others, and a whole lot of bright children—Miss Iris Hawkins and Master Philip Tonge among them.

The Pantomimes.

"Dick Whittington" will be this year's pantomime at the Lane; and we are informed that it is to be treated on somewhat novel lines—a welcome bit of information in view of the gross stupidity that has marked most of the previous versions of this peculiarly English tale that I have seen. One of the changes will be a substitution of "Fantasia" for "Morocco"; and I trust the alteration will be in something more than the name. Probably Mr. Arthur Collins has come to the conclusion that, thanks to the comic-opera proceedings at Algeciras and other recent occurrences, the modern child would refuse to be fobbed off with the old-style Morocco; and he cannot think how to make another that would be more convincing. Anyway, "Fantasia" it is to be; and Comelli is said to be inventing most wonderful colour schemes and costumes accordingly. The story will begin in England and end in England; which is good. The caste comprises Misses Marie George, Queenie Leighton, Marie Wilson, and Tuly Shattuck, Messrs. Neil Kenyon, Wilkie Bard, George Conquest, and Aubrey Fitzgerald.

The Edwardes-Courtneidge Show.

Messrs. Robert Courtneidge and George Edwardes will unite in the production of the Adelphi panto of "Cinderella"; and the one and only Wilhelm of the Empire ballets is to see to the colour scheme, which means that it will be tasteful and dainty. Most Christmas shows are pictorially vulgar: the Adelphi Christmas show will be as artistically beautiful as the finest Empire ballet—than which the international stage can offer us nothing more scenically delightful. There will be a White Scene at the Adelphi which I think will be worth going far to see; and some of the costumes will be not only original in idea, but splendidly hand-painted. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier Cinderella than Miss Phylis Dare should make; and Miss Carrie Moore and Mr. Dan Rolyat as Prince Rudolph and the Baron respectively ought to be interesting.

At the Lyceum, and Elsewhere.

The "popular price" house in Wellington Street is also getting ready what should be a striking show for the festive season, with the gifted Hebrew comedian, Mr. Julian Rose, as one of its star attractions; and several of the outlying theatres also will present pantomimes of more or less merit. Which reminds me that my notes of a fortnight ago with reference to the poor wages paid by various suburban and provincial amusement caterers for female labour have created considerable interest and have brought me several letters. One reader has sent me the contract which an agent asked her to sign for pantomime at Plymouth or the Crystal Palace at 18s. per week, the managers of the pantos. in question being Messrs. J. Bannister Howard and G. H. Lambert. The contract is the Touring Managers' Association form "as approved by the Actors' Association"—presumably because the Actors' Association is not strong enough to compel the Touring Managers' Association to grant a more favourable one.

18s. a week.

For 18s. a week our lady reader must perform in a panto. chorus every night in the week and at as many matinées as the managers care to arrange. The pantomime will no doubt play ten or twelve shows a week, each of them lasting over three hours: which would mean about sixpence an hour for the chorus ladies. These latter must, of course, be good-looking, probably also they must be fairly intelligent; they must provide their own make-up (not dresses); they must understudy any character they are told to; one-seventh of the 18s. may be deducted for "nights out" twice in six weeks, although the girls may be ready to appear; and they can be dismissed on a fortnight's notice. They may be wanted to begin on Boxing Day or a week before, or a week after; and, of course, they must rehearse for nothing—from the 7th of December and at such times during the run as the managers may order them, on pain of forfeiture if a rehearsal be missed. Dismissal may follow a request from the artiste to the manager for a loan or an advance! Should the artiste fall ill, she may be sacked, and anyway she need not be paid; and she must get written permission from the managers if she wishes privately to "perform, sing, dance, recite or otherwise exercise her talent" for the benefit of her best boy, or anyone else.

Perhaps Messrs. Howard and Lambert (I am simply naming the firm whose specific contract I have before me) will get one of last year's 18s. a weeker's to tell us how it is done.

P.

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One Thousand Pounds will be paid to any Doctor, Specialist, Herbalist, Chemist, Medicine Proprietor, Infirmary, or Institution, or to any person who produces to the cure of Bad Legs, who can show conclusively proof to independent witness of that he or she can permanently cure even half the number of cases that Tremol cures. This challenge holds good for a thousand cases from this date henceforth.

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WRITE NOW.

Thousands praise the day they read the book. In it you will find what you have never had before, the opportunity of having your leg quickly and permanently made well, for by this new method you can cure yourself in your own home, without Pain, Rest, Operation, Relapse or Failure. This is not a chance to be missed, and if you desire to be made well, sit down now and write to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward R.L.), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester. The Book will then be sent to you gratis and post free.

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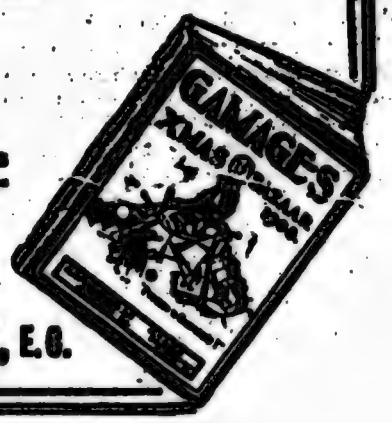

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BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—

That every Member of the House plays the game of "Follow my Leader."

That the Licensing Bill is not a teetotal failure.

That the Kaiser will now imitate the sailor's parrot.

That the Government can't make Poor Laws.

That the new Irish Land Bill will have to be "footed."

That Hayes will now present the Marathon Cup to Dorando.

That our Navy is of the "too-Powerful standard."

That with President Roosevelt on the *Outlook* some folks will have to look out.

That the Shah's chief indisposition is Constitutional.

That Lord Roberts' favourite air is "Johnny get your gun."

That England gets all her starch from America.

That the Education Bill betrays Catholic tastes.

That the *Express* has discovered what Tariff Reform really *does* mean.

"The clergy are sweated," declares the Bishop of Chichester. Certainly only a percentage of them get a "living."

Lectures for journalists are to be given in Germany. They *do* need a talking-to.

"Most people can play the piano," says Miss Lefevre. And with most it is an in-strum-ent.

It is stated that our sailors are tired of jam. It ought to suit them to a tea.

A Brooklyn man wagered and lost his trousers on a billiard match. A bare defeat.

"A perfect poem needs no gloss," says *The Times*. But it frequently needs a glossary.

"Fiction-reading is like dram-drinking," says the *Telegraph*. The sufferer is always turning over a new leaf.

"Every woman wants to be loved in a particular way," says Robert Elson. Nonsense; some girls aren't a bit particular.

"The Eye-Witness," is the title of a recent book. It ought to be a true story.

A gambling club raided in Paris was called "The Association of Pigeon Lovers." The members did the plucking.

"Playgoers are tired of talk," says the *Morning Leader*. No doubt they would prefer a little *acting*.

"Grandpapa is very unwell, but he can still drink his beer.—Lizzy," reads a recent "Agony." Still aleing in fact.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has been complaining of "the ungodly cough." Doubtless the offenders couldn't swallow his theology

Apropos the forthcoming production of "The Devil," there is said to be difficulty in the casting of the chief character. But there are lots of men who can play it.

"The days of romance are over," says a Brussels paper. Apparently our papers are not read there.

Barcelona is suffering from a deluge. The inhabitants are off their nuts.

The Yarmouth landlady who sued a visitor for "hot water," which she charged as an "extra," got into it.

It is a sad fact that by the time one is well off in this world, one is well on to the next.

Bread, butter, and cheese form the ideal meal, according to Dr. J. E. Squire. We must ask him to dine with us.

"Women ought to be studied like the weather," says Roderick Lyndon. A prophetable pastime.

Newcastle Guardians have decided that no beer be given to workhouse inmates at Christmas. There will be whine.

A remedy for sea-sickness has been discovered by a Mr. Mothersill. So mother's well now.

"This is an age of cheapness," says E. Dyson. But there are a great many "dear things" about.

A cat brought from Newcastle to Tooting has walked home. We know that cat, but we thought it came "fra' Sheffield."

The M.P. who suggested the birch as a cure for rowdy undergraduates, evidently thinks the matter wants thrashing out.

Mr. E. F. Benson says people don't go to balls. Hasn't he ever been hard up?

An American professor has discovered that baseball was played by the original inhabitants of the United States. A savage game.

"Had you another house up your sleeve?" a woman was asked at Shoreditch County Court. There could have been no 'arm in it if she had.

The coming aeroplane hat will, of course, be trimmed with wings.

EXHIBITION FACT

The friendly rivalry of the Franco-British Exhibition has proved that in fancy knick-knacks and pretty ideas for ladies' wear, &c., our French friends can teach us something, but when it comes to downright solid durable manufactures, our Country stands where she always did. A Genuine English Lever is still miles ahead of all foreign imitations for durability, strength, finish, accuracy, and wearing qualities. It costs twice as much as a cheap foreign imitation, but it's ten times better. Some people make the higher price an excuse for buying foreign watches, but our sensible subscription plan now makes it far easier to acquire a Genuine English Lever than a cheap foreign imitation, and at the same time help to support a worthy home industry.

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is a guarantee that the tobacco is the fine Virginia of

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¶ The 1904 crop of Virginia has now been maturing for *four* years. All the raw greenness has been fermented out of the leaf. The tobacco is sweet, mild, yet full of fragrance, and has a delightful aroma. In other words—*it is perfectly matured.*

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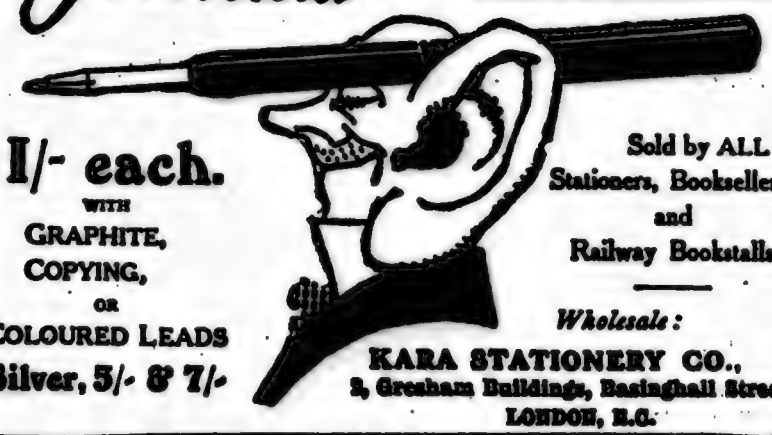

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

JOHN BULL SIX PER CENTS.—*Readers desirous of acquiring a proprietary interest in* JOHN BULL *are referred to the notice at end of our City article, on page* 603.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, &c., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

A. R. M. (Hull).—Thanks for newspaper cutting re our friend Shakesby.

M. M. S. (Croydon).—If we were to present a piano to every reader who sends a copy of our journal to a friend, what a boom there would be in the piano trade! Send us a photo. of the budding Beethoven and that may touch our heart.

G. T. D. (Salford).—We quite agree that many hardships are inflicted upon mortgagors, but it is difficult to say what should be done. We are dealing with the matter editorially.

A. D. D. (London) and others, want a biscuit for the *Englishman* for speaking of "aliens and other untaxed manufactured articles," but surely the phrase was intentional.

T. P. P. (Nottingham).—Thanks for information, but he was plain "Ranji" in those days.

F. A. (Sheffield).—Hapgoods is a reliable firm and their main object is by no means the extraction of a guinea for registration—such a sum would not pay them for their trouble. What they want is the 5 per cent. commission on fixing up their clients. Doubtless they place "Registered in Guernsey" upon their advertisements in consequence of the new Companies' Act—there is nothing nefarious in that.

H. H. L. (Liverpool) and others.—We have no further space for the Manchester Mayoralty matter.

J. W. (Cheltenham).—Thanks for interesting letter re treatment of blind, but afraid we have no further space available at present.

E. A. P. (Plymouth) calls our attention to the unsatisfactory method in which the £20,000 grant to the Devonport Dockyard, for the purpose of alleviating distress, is being administered. Apparently the men who are getting the relief are those who least require it. What says the hon. Member for Devonport?

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether we know anything of a hospital supposed to be situated at 72, Camden Road. He says that at the Brewers' Exhibition "some half-dozen very smartly-dressed and attractive women touted the whole day long" for such an institution. No doubt the institution referred to is "The British Hospital for Mental Disorders," a small but pushful concern. A subscription would be better bestowed upon one of the larger hospitals.

P. C. (Bristol) wants us to extend our biscuit feature, which he thinks is one of the most interesting in the paper? What say our other readers?

"SCOTTY" (Glasgow) says Thursday morning is as good as pay day to those who take JOHN BULL. Coming from a Scot, this is indeed praise. He suggests that we should reprint our "Bull's Eyes" in book form. Again we reply, what say our readers?

F. C. H. (Gillingham) tells us that the Mayor and Corporation attended the Parish Church on Sunday, Nov. 15, and that the text chosen was "Let him that stole steal no more." The preacher evidently had Poplar in mind.

W. H. C. (Southfields).—We say "Hear, hear!" to your views.

IT ISN'T A TOY.

Don't run away with the idea that a miniature billiard table is a mere toy. No matter how small it may be, it is not a toy. It is built in exact proportion to a full-sized table; the balls are in proportion to full-size billiard balls; the cues are in just the same proportion. It follows that the game is essentially the same as on a full-size table. and what game is so fascinating as billiards, with its great variety of positions and strokes? What game can compare with it during the long winter evenings? You can obtain a table to fit any ordinary room, to place on your own table, or you can have a combined billiard and dining table. The cost (which can be paid in instalments if desired) is very moderate. Write to Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., Willow Brook Billiard Works, Accrington. They will send full particulars free of charge.—[ADVT.]

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D. M. (West Hartlepool), R. C. (South Shields), and many others.—A man named James Lawrance is now under remand at Exeter, charged with obtaining money by fraud by means of the "Quintuple Phonic" scheme. We, therefore, refrain from commenting upon the matter, beyond saying (in answer to many of our correspondents) that we do not think there is much prospect of getting their money back.

F. W. B. (Liverpool).—We have already commented upon the Fine Art Supply Co. Their trick is not even new.

J. F. G. (Perth) says he objects to Roman Catholicism as we object to the Licensing Bill, and that, if Roman Catholicism were supreme, he and we would be burned at the stake. We thought those ideas had gone out of fashion by now. Is the Jesuit still under the bed?

"Vernon" (Stamford Hill) wants advice about books on political economy. If he has time, he cannot do better than devote himself to Mill. Meanwhile he might do worse than read "Political Economy in a Nutshell" (Swan Sonnenschein, 1907. Price 2s. 6d.).

G. A. M. (Liverpool).—It was certainly unkind of the *Liverpool Echo* to talk of "kings and other blackguards." Perhaps the editor had Peter Karageorgevitch in mind.

"A Reader" (Gillingham).—The Chatham Dockyard Authorities do not seem to have been at fault, for they only announced 150 vacancies, 700 men applied, and there were 550 unsuccessful applicants. If they had made the men come on false pretences, we should have had something to say.

F. K. (Folkestone).—We are sorry for the man, but we do not think he was treated with extreme harshness.

J. H. McC. (Hornsey) knows of three public houses which but for the Licensing Bill would now be employing a large number of hands in decorations and repairs. And yet the "Labour Party" supports the Bill.

I. M. H. (Hunstanton).—It is a bit late to discuss the Marathon race. Glad to hear you can run two miles without stopping. Shall we get up a match?

W. J. R. (Warwick) endorses our remarks about C. Davis, pawnbroker (26, Denmark Hill), having bought from him an absolutely useless camera and clock.

W. H. D. (Nottingham) is annoyed with us for sticking up for co-operators. We are very sorry, but we can't please everybody.

A. H. H. (Nottingham) sends us a list of eleven men, "not including the Prophet, who declare to have both seen and hefted plates" of the Mormon Church. Quite a nice little team.

J. J. P. (Farringdon Road) says he was in an almost dying condition when he went to Dr. Jonathan Nicholson for Health Culture, and was another being after six weeks, while at the end of three months he "felt fit to jump over the house." Ahem!

W. C. (Leyton).—Who was the Pension Officer who asked the lady the questions to which you refer, and what corroboration have you of the story?

C. A. S. (Birmingham).—Thanks for interesting letter. What a wonderful figure 9 is to be sure.

D. H. (West Hartlepool) suggests we should award a biscuit to *The Civilian* for the following oracular paragraph:

> Ledger Section 27, Post Office Savings Bank, assembled on Thursday, the 1st inst, and, with the object of killing two birds with the proverbial only stone, enjoyed itself and bestowed upon Mr. Death a case of silver and cutlery, to mark its sympathy on the one hand and regard on the other with Mr. and Mrs. Death on the occasion of their approaching marriage.

We must not, however, joke with Death.

R. H. O. H. (Blackpool).—It was certainly funny of the *Lancashire Daily Post* to say that Mr. Curtis Bennett, the Bow Street magistrate, was engaged over nine *years* hearing the recent case against Miss Pankhurst. Perhaps, however, it seemed so to him.

P. S. (Leicester).—We have heard nothing against Acte and Co. of late. Do you know anything?

R. P. (London).—Thanks for cuttings, which we have set out in parallel columns.

A. S. (Shrewsbury).—We have already had a word with Mr. Towell.

C. H. M. (Hale).—Sorry you did not approve of our "Abode of Love" disclosures, but surely they did good? We expect your other letter has been duly answered, but is amongst the many hundreds at present crowded out.

R. W. (Belper).—Let us see the copy of our issue of September 26th in the cover of October 3rd. At present it is all Greek to us. Your other suggested biscuit is too remote.

F. W. A. (Catford).—We are unable to say whether it is a fact that Lord Kinnaird is "a large shareholder in one of the well-known breweries." Personally, we should very much doubt it. What is your justification for the statement?

A. C. F. (Battersea).—You are but one of many whose interests in public men waned with the death of Bradlaugh.

"Tram Workers' Sympathiser" wants the L.C.C. to provide shelters for drivers and conductors, who, when on relief duty, often have to wait about in all weathers for periods ranging from five to twenty minutes, or else go into public-houses. He adds that the L.C.C. treats its employees disgracefully, especially as regards time on duty, which often amounts to 16 hours on Sundays.

E. W. (Birmingham).—We believe Virol is really good stuff. You must pardon the exaggerations of advertisers.

Rev. J. B. (Westcliff-on-Mud) sends a cutting from the *Westminster Gazette* with a very badly printed paragraph, underneath which is an exhortation to drink a particular brand of brandy. Cause and effect, perhaps.

G. W. E. K. (Plumstead) says that our Pigott articles justify Old Moore's prophecy of "much vice and immorality" at the present time.

H. C. J. (Worthing) sends us a cutting from *Punch*, Volume 18, with a stupid picture of a game of hockey at the Agapemone.

"A Disgusted Somerset Man" wants to know why the people of Spaxton do not blow up or burn down the Abode of Love. If he is not careful he will have Miss Pankhurst denouncing him for inciting to violence.

Dictionary of Stock Exchange Terms, revised and enlarged, post free for three stamps of Halford and Co., Palmerston House, London, E.C.

Electricity *versus* Medicine.

AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION OF AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

This subject is one that is occupying a prominent place in the experiments of all progressive medical men. The success attained with electricity has even astonished some of its strongest advocates. Dr. Poore, writing upon the subject of electricity, in one of his well-known works, says:—"No other single therapeutical agent is so generally useful or admits of so many and such varied applications—for some of which it stands alone and supreme." That opinion is shared by all those who have made a close study of the subject. The wonderful success of electricity in cases where drugs have utterly failed has forced belief in the efficacy of the latter almost to the vanishing point. "Electricity is the medicine of the future," writes another authority.

The following interesting article by Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, discussing "The New Physiology," is illustrative of the trend of thought:—"The trend of science is towards electricity on all sides. Discoveries made hour by hour point to one grand conclusion—the substratum of nature is electricity. Life, force, and mind are intimately related with it. All animals are merely electrical machines. A man, brain and body, is a battery, and nerves correspond to wires. It is now certain that transmission over them is electric. The human system is an electro-chemic battery, and the life principle is electrical. The electric age is here. Drugs are hard hit on all sides, and an intelligent physician tells me that he has almost entirely stopped their use. The word health now means a normal supply of electricity in the body, and the word disease means an insufficiency of that power."

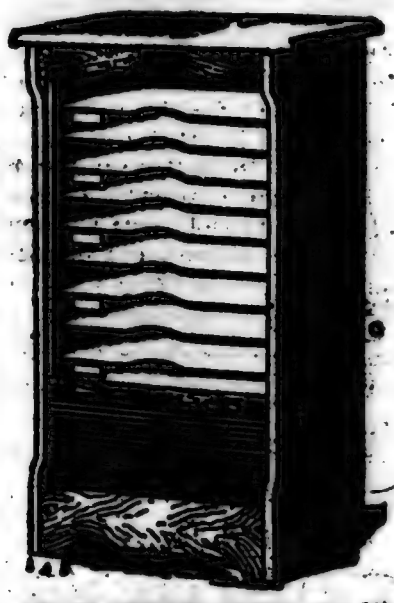
That electricity is a powerful curative agent is a fact too well known to require further illustrative proofs. It is a positive cure for all Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervousness, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, and Bowel complaints, and all forms of weakness.

How many men and women are going through life mere pigmies of what they should be? They lack interest in everything—enjoy nothing. And why? Because they are weak, which means they lack electricity. Such persons can be made strong and robust, perfect specimens of health and vigour. The means is easy and simple. An electric current flowing into their nerve centres while they rest, and there is soon a transformation.

A body battery has been invented for applying electricity to the nerve centres. It is called "Ajax" Dry-Cell—requires no charging, generates a strong current, and is always ready for use. It has cured thousands and is certain in every case undertaken. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., one of the best-known scientific Electrical Experts in Great Britain, has this to say of it:—"I have, in the course of my experiments with the 'Ajax' Body Battery, which have now extended over several weeks, tested its powers in various ways rather severely, and am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations."

At the recent International Exhibition held in London the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was awarded the Diploma with Grand Prix and Gold Medal. The award was given through the medical section of the Exhibition, and specially praises the system of applying the current as well as the battery. This is the highest honour ever gained by an electric treatment.

An interesting book of eighty pages has recently been published. It is full of interesting facts, and free to anyone who writes for it. Every person, man or woman, who is not what he or she should be, should write for this book at once. It will point out the way whereby the blessings of perfect health can be enjoyed. It is based upon the latest standard works, and contains many valuable opinions and much useful information. A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once in a plain sealed envelope. All advice is free also. This new method has been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit, and is supported by John Bull.—[Advt.]



ROLLER SHUTTER CABINET. No. 8½.

External Measurements.
Height - - 3 ft.
Width - - 1 ft. 7 ins.
Depth - - 1 ft. 4 ins.

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A small but complete filing installation is offered at a specially reduced figure to induce a practical trial of our Filing System.

A separate flat file—a neat strong folder containing a small secure apparatus firmly binding contents—is allotted to each subject-matter or regular correspondent. These files are stored alphabetically, classified by simple colours.

The cabinet here illustrated has proved a most suitable medium for the trial of our system: it meets the requirements of professional men especially well. Soundly constructed, of good appearance, it is compact and extremely useful. There are twelve clear spaces of 2ins. each high, large enough to accommodate files of foolscap size; a set of swinging label holders is supplied gratis.

SPECIAL PRICES, including a Sample Set of Files, a Perforator, and all accessories, delivered to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

	Usual Price of Cabinet alone.	Reduced Price, including Files, &c.
Oak...	£3 17 0	£3 7 6
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The sample set of files and accessories will be supplied separately if required, post free for 7s. 6d.
Descriptive catalogue J40 sent post free on application.

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Branches at Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Manchester.

THE IDEAL BALL-BEARING TOP.

A Marvellous Scientific Top. The Original and never successfully Imitated Free-Wheel Top. No String or Spring. Spins with Sweep of Hand. Beautiful ever-changing Chameleon-like Colour Effects.

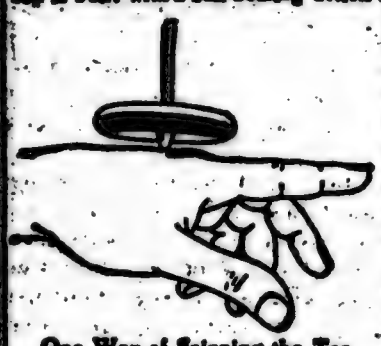
We have a top which is a delight to youngsters. Our Ideal Ball-bearing top is built with a ball-bearing action like your bicycle, and you should just see it go. It fairly hums round, and will spin on its top speed for some minutes.

Just smartly draw the cushioned fly-wheel—the top is shod with india-rubber—over any surface like the face of a table, and the top is set spinning by the one simple action.

Put our specially-coloured discs on the top and it changes colour like a chameleon, and shows in turn all the hues of the rainbow.

Cost One Shilling.

The Ideal Ball-bearing Top will spin on a plate or any smooth surface. It will balance itself on the tip of your finger. It will cling to a piece of string like a gyroscope. It will do all sorts of funny tricks.



One Way of Spinning the Top.

This top almost spins itself. When you have enjoyed spinning it, give it to the baby boy or girl. If your child can talk and walk, it can easily spin the Ideal Ball-bearing Top.

There are imitations—weak ones. Our success has called several into the field. But the word "Ideal" on each box protects you.

The Ideal Ball-bearing Top is light—a child can spin it. It is not made of cast iron, and cannot break. It is so light that it will not bore a hole in the table, and its point is too smooth to scratch.

Let us send you a top direct, and put some fun in the way of your youngsters by return.

Another Way.

Send P.O. for 1s. 1d. for the Top and 36 Extra Coloured Discs, with pamphlet showing many novel ways of spinning it.

THE GEM N. SUPPLIES CO., 22, PEARTREE STREET, GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

SEND NO MONEY.

THIS Real Disc Machine and three records given you for simply selling 7s of our new range of Penny Xmas and New Year Cards.

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Send name and address (a postcard will do) and we will send per return 7s Xmas and New Year Cards together with our Xmas presents list.

Don't Delay.

Send To-day.

When sold remit us the money and we will give you a prize from our list, containing over 100 beautiful gifts. If you do not wish a phonograph you may make any other selection from our new presents list.

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TRADE BILLS DISCOUNTED. NO FEES

H. Jordan (Dover) says that among Esperantists John Bull is known as King Canute, and that we shall remember how he wetted his socks. We would not cross a Jordan for anything.

"Taurus, Jun." (Tonbridge).—To write us an abusive letter and then suggest that we should see that you get a case of our Christmas whisky almost takes the biscuit.

"Johnbull" (Kilburn).—Thanks for cutting and for compliments "to Jim Crow and his old woman." What made you think she was not in the first blush of youth?

J. J. (Swansea) writes: "I have been unwell for about eight months, and, being a married man, I have got to get a living some way," but we should not advise him to pay money for materials for cutting stencils.

R. H. T. (Herne Bay).—Please send your address to the office, as we have one or two letters for you and have mislaid your original communication.

W. H. C. (Sheffield).—How many more times must we explain that John Bull goes to press on Mondays?

Reader (Exeter).—We agree with you that "a quiet city" like Exeter does not need two additional policemen if those already on the beat haven't anything better to do than trump up a case against a blind, feeble, and unkempt old man of 70 for begging.

A. R. M. (Hull)—Thanks for information *re* Shakesby. We note that, believing he will not get justice from the Guardians, he requests them to summon him so that he can defend himself in the police court. Meanwhile—charity.

F. W. and Others.—Obliged. Note that the Chester Calvinistic parson has received our earnest attention.

Anti-Grab (Bangor).—See answer above. Agree with all you say about it. For what you say about us, all thanks.

Wosip (Swindon).—We have dealt with the Norwich Communion case from time to time. The difficult legal question now is whether, and in what way, Canon Thompson can be punished for refusing to do what the Court of Arches has ordered him to do.

A. C. B. (Leicester).—Do not agree with you that the evidence in that drunk case was all against the police. In our judgment, the magistrates rightly described it as conflicting.

W. R. W. (Fulham).—The chairman of the A.B.C. girls has been duly admonished.

K. C. (Queen Anne's Gate), B. M. S. Esq. (Margate), J. J. L. (Dudley), "Liverpudlian," E. K. M. R. (Shepherd's Bush Green), A. C. B. (Edgware Road), A. B. (Walsall), J. S. (Glasgow), J. H. F. (East Finchley), C. P. (Southampton), G. T. B. (Wealdstone), W. A. R., W. F. (Limehouse), G. R. S. (Tottenham), F. E. (Glasgow), T. H. G. B. (Barkingside), Miss E. Y. (Brixton), E. M. Ll. B. (Pontygwaith), H. G. C. (Muswell Hill), J. R. H. (Huddersfield), F. B. T. (West Kirby), M. C. B. (Elgin Avenue), J. P. (Berkhamsted), G. A. (Cosham), J. B. (Cardiff), H. L. (Catford), D. J. (Willesden), Mrs. McL. (Glasgow), H. A. (Plymouth), "Judex" (East Birmingham), M. A. (Oxon), B. T. (Boscombe Park), R. A. B. (Darlaston), "Interested Reader" (Upper Mitcham), A. E. W. (Clapham Common), J. v. B. (Hoddesdon), J. B. B. (Montrose), "Mail Man" (Ilford), "Pro Bono Publico" (Whitland), L. M. (London, E.C.), Z. A. (London, W.C.), W. S. (Bristol), and W. B. S. (New Cross). Consider yourselves chastely saluted.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RANDFONTEIN EXTENSIONS.

Presiding at the ordinary general meeting held on the 19th inst., the Hon. H. A. Stanhope said that, during the period under review, the disputes between certain of the shareholders were amicably settled, and arrangements made whereby, without in any way increasing the capital of the Company, large areas of mining ground were added to the Company's property. The capital of the Company as shown by the balance-sheet remains the same, viz., £200,000, of which 170,490 shares have been issued, 20,490 being cash subscriptions. The whole of the liabilities have been discharged and, with the exception of £21, the cash resources are £14,000, the amount of the uncalled capital appearing in the balance-sheet having been now called up. The original holding of the Company in the West Rand was only 69 claims. An additional block of 17 claims, being the adjoining property, and containing reef outcrops, has since been added, making a total of 86 claims adjoining the Randfontein Estates and the West Rand Consolidated Mines. Great excitement has been experienced in this district owing to the discovery of new reefs, and greater activity has lately been exhibited in the West Rand than has been the case for many years. Of these new discoveries the Langebrink line of reef is particularly interesting to the Company, as the whole of this series of reefs immediately underlies its claims. It is the intention of the Company to erect a new up-to-date stamp mill of heavy (1,700lb.) stamps to work this body of ore, also three drills are now boring on this line of reef, and a fourth drill is now being erected on Langebrink Waterfall Main Reef Syndicate's claim. As to the 100 claims on the farm Tweefontein in Heidelberg district, there are three reefs running through the entire length of the property being opened up with very satisfactory results, and are believed to be a continuation of the Main Reef series, correlating with the Geduld, Van Ryn, and Nigel Mines, situated at the eastern end of the Witwatersrand. Referring to the Rustenburg Copper Mine owned by their Company, the property consists of 95 claims, containing a large copper-bearing lode traced and prospected for about 6,000ft. in length. It has an average width of about 70ft. Three per cent. of copper appears to be the average value of the ore at the surface, but as depth is attained the values appear to improve considerably. An average sample taken right across the lode, 70ft. in width, gave 6 per cent. of fine copper. Regarding the Farm Val Val, situated on the Vaal River, a series of banket reefs runs right through this farm. This series is, according to eminent engineers, presumed to be the southern edge of the basin of the Witwatersrand Main Reef series. The prospecting work has opened up three banket reefs, giving values of from 4dwt. to 28dwt. gold to the ton of ore.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

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Please send me gratis and post free your book, entitled "Modern Banking and Investment"

Name .....

Address .....

[John Bull Coupon.] .....

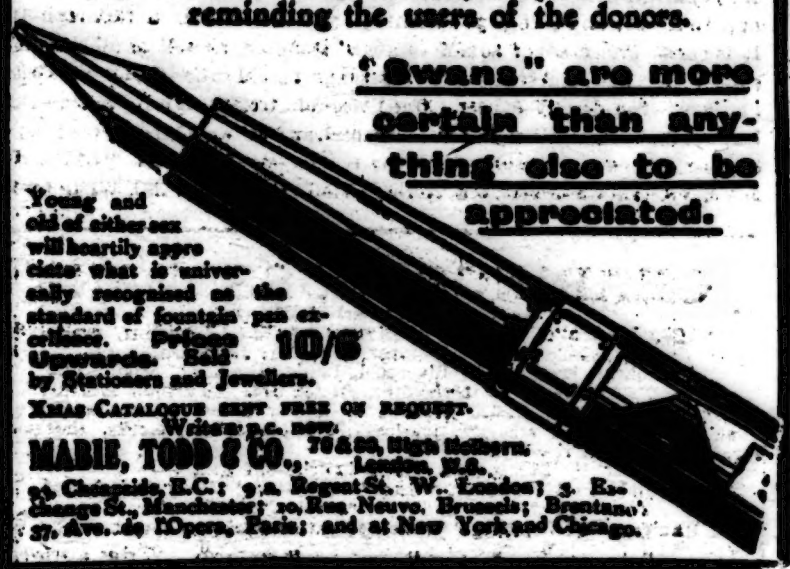
4 WEEKS TO-DAY

that's all, and Xmas 1908 will be a thing of the past. Take care that the presents you give are of such a kind as will not be put on one side and forgotten as soon as Xmas is over.

GIVE "SWANS"

The BEST Fountain Pens.

They will be useful on Xmas Day, Boxing Day, the next day, and every day for years to come—will always be kept handy, in the pocket, on the desk, or on the desk, constantly reminding the users of the donors.



"Swans" are more certain than anything else to be appreciated.

Young and old of either sex will heartily appreciate what is universally recognised as the standard of fountain pen excellence. Prices Upwards. Sold by Stationers and Jewellers. 10/6

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THE OLD ORIGINAL and WORLD-FAMOUS LUNG TONIC is OWBRIDGE'S, FOR

COUGHS & COLDS.

The most up-to-date, best known and most successful Remedy in the World for THROAT and CHEST TROUBLES arising from Damp or Chill.

Owbridge's

Lung Tonic.

Ask for "OWBRIDGE," and take no substitute.

This is the Best, Cheapest, and Safest way to recovery.

Invaluable to SPEAKERS, SINGERS, and all who suffer from THROAT WEAKNESS.

Established 1874.

CAUTION.—Do not waste money on so-called lung tonics, which appear to be cheap, but of which you have to take double doses, with disappointing results.

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd., Hull.

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. & 11s.

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IF I WERE CARNEGIE.

BY THE TURKISH BATH MAN.

In my last advertisement I made you a special offer to send one of my Gem Turkish Bath Cabinets for ten days' free trial on receipt of a post-dated money order. A large number of people availed themselves of this offer, and already some of them have written to tell me of the benefit they are experiencing from the use of the Cabinet. Nay, more, some of them are so delighted, so struck with the truthfulness of what I said, that they have accepted my word for the other goods I sell, and given me orders for them. This is very gratifying to me, but I am not satisfied. There are tens of thousands of unhappy sufferers in this land of ours whom I would like my Bath Cabinet to have a chance of helping. There are countless numbers afflicted with disease who would try this method of mine, but cannot afford to pay down, in one lump sum, even the small amount of 30s.

If I were Carnegie, rather than spend thousands of pounds in providing libraries, I would engage lecturers, who should go throughout the length and breadth of the land, teaching the value of hygiene in the home and hygiene in the human body. I would have them demonstrate the value of cleanliness of the skin, teach people how and when to bathe to obtain health; show how disease is at the bottom of all unhappiness; and how it might be prevented, or, if contracted, how it might be relieved by due attention to feeding, breathing, and cleanliness. Above all things, I would erect Turkish Bath establishments in every town and village, so that the poorest might enjoy free and at any time the advantages of thermal bathing. It would be a mission worthy of the best intellect and of the biggest fortune, and it would arouse intense enthusiasm, and give a rich reward in the happiness resulting from the disappearance of disease. I am, however, only a hard-working, business man of limited means, but it is a source of great pleasure to me that in earning a living I am spreading the cause of hygiene and winning the gratitude of many, as my unsolicited testimonials show.

If you have not read my previous "talks," let me explain that I have a Home Turkish Bath Cabinet, costing 30s., a simple contrivance by means of which you can obtain in the privacy of your own home perfect Hot-Air, Steam, Medicated, or Perfumed Baths. It is made of waterproof material on a folding galvanised frame, which can be erected in a few seconds, forming a compact little room; when closed it will occupy an inch space against a wall. The special, patented stove which is supplied with each Cabinet burns methylated spirit, and is the best device of the kind ever invented, being at once simple, reliable, and perfect for the purpose of heating the Cabinet. I have Cabinets from 30s. to £11 11s., but the Cabinet I have built a business upon, the one to which nearly all my testimonials refer, and the one I and my family use, is the 30s. Gem Cabinet.

When worried with business or wearied with work, a hot-air bath has raised my spirits and given me fresh strength to battle anew. When aches or pains have come upon me suddenly, like a thief in the night, a vapour bath has dispersed them. I have used a Cabinet now for more than eight years, and during that time I have never needed a doctor. In liver and kidney trouble, eczema, rheumatism, embonpoint, I have known of marvellous good done. I have treated my family on the same lines, and so insistently advised this treatment to my friends that I have been dubbed a "crank" and a "faddist," but I have splendid results to show for my belief, and I have always converted the scoffers if they have given me the opportunity.

What my Cabinet has done for me, my family, and my friends it will do for you. So great is my conviction as to the value of the thermal bath that I have an ever-strengthening desire to make its merits known, and an all-powerful ambition to see a Cabinet in every home in the land. Already I have sold more than 20,000 Cabinets, but the army of the sick is a mighty one, every year filled with new recruits, wearied almost to death with quackery and shams they have been induced to try from time to time, and it is in the hands of these recruits that I want to put the blessings of thermal bathing. I am willing to send a 30s. Cabinet on receipt of a ten-day post-dated money order, and if for any reason, after using the Cabinet as often as you like, you are dissatisfied, you can return the Cabinet within that time, and have your money refunded. If you are not in a position to avail yourself of this offer, I am prepared to go still further. Send me a postal order for ten shillings and your word that you will pay five instalments monthly of 4s. 6d. each, and I will at once send you a 30s. Cabinet. I don't ask for sureties or references; I will take your word for it, and trust you. I have a great faith in the honesty of my fellow-creatures. I don't imagine I am the only honest man in the world. Mankind, in the main, is honest, and I am prepared to trust it. I know, if you accept my offer, I shall have your everlasting gratitude. You will note that in accepting payments in this way I cannot offer a free trial, and I charge you 32s. 6d. for the Cabinet; but it is worth every penny of it, and it only repays me for any extra cost of book-keeping, use of capital, etc.

Just think what it means. You can immediately enjoy the benefits of home Turkish bathing for a trifling sum equal to 1s. 3d. a week for six months—just about half the amount you would pay for a single visit to an ordinary Turkish bath establishment. You will have the Cabinet ready at hand for any emergency, and there isn't a man, woman, or child who may not be suddenly stricken with some trouble which, taken at its birth, may be as quickly relieved by this wonderful thermal treatment.

If you are well, you want one of my 30s. Cabinets to keep you so; if you are ill, you need it still more. A Cabinet would be the best investment you ever made. If you cannot make up your mind at once to buy a Cabinet, don't shelve the matter; it is of vital importance to you and your family. At least, drop me a postcard with your name and address, mentioning JOHN BULL, and let me send you a 100-page book, giving very valuable information about thermal bathing.

Postal orders and cheques should be made payable to my Company, The Gem N. Supplies Company, Ltd., 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road (near Gas Company's Office), London, E.C.—ADVT.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lottings.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

Mix the Game.

In the colonies they have no such distinction as flat and jumping seasons, both going on the whole year round. Some of the cracks, however, at both games are retired for certain brief periods.

Name?

Who is the popular owner who jocularly puts it to the handicappers, "That as they had not permitted him to win a single race in two years, he would expect them to keep him from now until Lincoln?" Are the handicappers likely to do it, despite their unquestioned severity upon the very popular owner's few horses?

An Exploded System.

No end of people, who consider themselves specially wise, never will wager upon anything but the classic events, or big handicaps of each season. The policy has not been very profitable this year—in fact, there has never been a season in which so many consistently astounding surprises occurred.

The "Linnets."

John Nightingall's Football Club have issued quite an important fixture card for this season, the results, as they accrue, being printed up to date. They have already begun their series of successes, and the dark blue and white stripes (the stable colours) are earning fame and spreading dread—in a football sense—in and around Surrey.

Pinching.

Not a single big race, the St. Leger excepted, fell to a favourite the season through, and yet some of the extra sharp s.p. bookmakers are so little satisfied that they actually tried to ring in a 16 to 1 limit on big handicaps, which is tantamount to saying that one can only back about three horses at s.p. to get the fair odds. If 20 or 50 to 1 ARE laid against horses on the course, you can wager that it is all the odds against them, apart from the certainty that even bigger prices could actually have been obtained.

Prophetic.

There is no form yet to go upon, and few runners are "fit." Those that have been running on the flat should be given the preference. The Alfriston stable should again be worth following, and

MACMURROUGH

reward his followers now—or in the near future—in the Middlesex Steeplechase, and

AMABIT

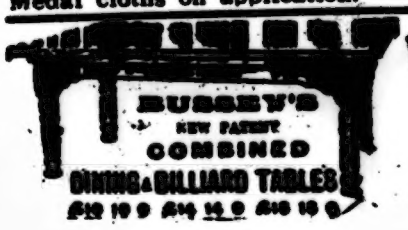
prove a reasonably "good thing" in Saturday's Staines Handicap.

TRADE NOTES.

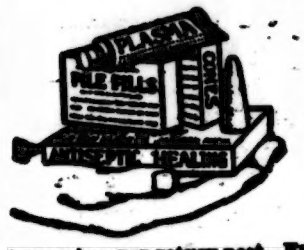
AN IDEAL BOOKCASE.—Of all the sectional bookcases now on the market, there is none to equal the "Gunn" for quality of material, excellence of workmanship, and all-round adaptability to the needs of the book-owner. In point of price, the "Gunn" sectional bookcase compares favourably with other makes, and it has many important features which are not to be found in any other system—the glass doors slide easily and noiselessly on roller bearings, and are instantly removable by simply unhooking, there are no unsightly metal bands, no *visible* fixings of any kind, whilst the sections fit together so nicely that the bookcase has the appearance of a solid piece of furniture, and is just as strong. Full particulars of this ideal bookcase are to be found in a new booklet (No. 67) just issued by the manufacturers, and which may be had (post free) on application to Wm. Angus and Co., Ltd., 52, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

We hear from Booth's Distillery, Ltd., that they have been awarded the Grand Prix at the Franco-British Exhibition for their famous old dry gin. Booth's Distillery, Ltd., claim for their old dry gin that it is only matured London gin in wood, which gives to it its exceptional flavour.

As will be seen in one of our advertisement columns, Messrs. Curzon Bros., the tailors who succeeded in obtaining the Gold Medal at the Franco-British Exhibition, recently closed, are again bringing their goods before the notice of our readers. The firm's reputation is a well-established one, and the rapid development of the business is merely one more attestation to the truth of that well-worn adage, "Honesty is the best policy." Messrs. Curzon Bros. advise us that any reader of JOHN BULL can have patterns of their Franco-British Gold Medal cloths on application.



FREE 4/6 COUPON



Entitling Anyone with Piles

to receive, per return post, FREE TO TRY, a 4/6 PACKAGE of Dr. Van Vleck's wonderful 3-fold ABSORPTION TREATMENT, together with our valuable New Book in colours. (In plain wrapper.)

Name .....

Address .....

Only one trial package to one address. MN 5.

Every person cutting out and sending us the above coupon at once will get—FREE TO TRY—our complete Three-Fold Absorption Cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumours, Constipation, and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received you can send us 4/6. If not, you have only to say so, and it costs you nothing; you decide after a thorough trial. It is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. Act now, and save yourself perhaps untold suffering, for piles lead to fistula and the deadly cancer. Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Send no money—just the coupon—to the VAN VLECK CO., MN 5, Victoria Chambers, 68a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Write to-day.

CHARING CROSS BANK

(Established 1870.)

28, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 29, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.

Assets, £1,997,948 Liabilities, £1,226,871. Surplus, £771,078.

LOANS of £20 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 38 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

THE CENTRAL STOCK EXCHANGE, LTD.

(Established 1883).

66, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FOR

GOOD TERMS ON ALL METHODS.

Low Option Rates, English and French, and Quarterly Accounts Free of Interest. Pyramid Transactions.

Send for Particulars.

THERE IS MONEY

in this advertisement. For full particulars write to CHARLES STEVENS and CO., 12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., who make confidential advances in sums of £20 to £5,000 without any charge unless business is completed. Repayments by arrangement. All business private.

A. B. C. Guide to Stock Exchange

(26th EDITION).

Call Options thoroughly explained, also all Stock Exchange operations; how to open account with limited risk; dealings at closer than tape quotations; how to avoid brokers' commissions. Contains highest and lowest sales for last 15 years.

Sent Post Free from PUBLISHERS, 15, [illegible] STREET, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

BARGAINS in LIGHT CARS

A Brand New Car

FOR

£23 15 0

CASH DOWN, and 12 Monthly Payments of £6 10s. 8d.

1908 DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION

Gate Change Control. Ball Bearings to Shafts. Self-Contained Radiators. Gear-driven Water Pumps. Push-Away Foot Pedals. Expanding Brakes. Artillery Wheels fitted with Dunlop Non-Slipping Tyres.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

Only a limited number of these cars.

Send for Particulars at once, post free, Mentioning "John Bull" to the Manager.

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE MOTOR AGENCY, LTD.,

55-59, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly, London, W.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of October 10th, 17th and 24th:—

P. R. EDWARDS, 65, Southwark Park Road, Bermondsey, S.E. (No. 25420—October 10th.)
H. J. LOVE, 21, Cassells Road, New Cross, S.E. (No. 119338—October 17th).
JAMES MCKENZIE, 47, Montrose Terrace, Edinburgh. (No. 72752—October 17th.)
W. H. GOODACRE, 20, Edge Grove, Fairfield, Liverpool. (No. 194856—October 17th.)
RICHARD H. PERKINS, Grand Hotel, Bournemouth. (No. 242222—October 24th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 31:—

1736; 1933; 3149; 7661; 11978; 19881; 29668; 37149; 38924; 45843; 51497; 54123; 64987; 66514; 83100; 91919; 94271; 101296; 108347; 118736; 119661; 125596; 131871; 140429; 140673; 141250; 148111; 154885; 171904; 172415; 180043; 199918; 197734; 199411; 206210; 217689; 218666; 228519; 231122; 235398; 249156; 253375; 264742; 269631; 270876; 271392; 278141; 281827; 289407; 295928.

INITIAL NUMBERS SHOULD BE REGISTERED, BUT REGULAR ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECOGNISED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 9TH (PUBLISHED JANUARY 7TH).

"John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

TWO PIANOS.
TWENTY BICYCLES.
ONE HUNDRED WATCHES.
ONE HUNDRED UMBRELLAS.
ONE HUNDRED CLOCKS.
TEN GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING BAGS.
TEN LADIES' DRESSING BAGS.
ONE HUNDRED WALKING STICKS.
SIX SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.
TWENTY DINNER SERVICES.
FIFTY HANDSOME VASES.
ONE HUNDRED FURSES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.
ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL DOLLS.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF TOYS.
ONE HUNDRED SETS OF STANDARD BOOKS.
FIVE HUNDRED FRAMED PRINTS, IN SEVEN COLOURS, OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "JOHN BULL."
ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
ONE HUNDRED CAKES.
ONE HUNDRED DOZEN MINCE PIES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
TWELVE CASES OF BRANDY, WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY, AND GIN.
ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
ONE HUNDRED GEESE.
FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.
ONE HUNDRED RUBBER FOUNTAIN PENS.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF BROCK'S CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed below and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned on a similar basis amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others will apportion the gifts—their decision to be final:—

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P. (Editor).
HERBERT VIVIAN, Esq.
J. S. ELIAS, Esq., Director and Manager of Odhams Limited,
And others to be subsequently announced.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Readers desirous of retaining the benefit of the number on the Cover of any copy given away need simply copy such number on the back of the coupon sent in to us. There is no necessity, therefore, to cut the number out of the cover before sending or giving the copy away.

We cannot supply copies for distribution, in connection with this Scheme, as our printing presses are already heavily taxed, and it is essential that CURRENT ISSUES should be seen by PROSPECTIVE NEW READERS.

In view of the heavy work involved in the examination of claims, we shall be obliged if our readers will send in any coupons they may have in hand for the month of November.

COUPON.

To be posted to, or left at, the Publishing Office of JOHN BULL, not later than six o'clock on the evening of December 15th.

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of .....

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.....

with whom I am *personally acquainted*, and have recommended him (or her) to become a regular reader of it; and in the event of my securing one of your Christmas Prizes, I am prepared, if requested by the Prize Committee, to give any further information which they may reasonably require.

Name .....

Address .....

Write distinctly. .....

NOTE.—This coupon may be cut out of the paper you send or hand to your friend or acquaintance. 5/12/08.

WHY CUT YOURSELF?

Get a CLEMAK. **Get a CLEMAK.**

Note the original Link-Action. See how it Automatically Adjusts the Blade.

PRESS THE KNOB and RAZOR IS READY!

No Screws, Bars, or other impediments.

The CLEMAK outfit, with seven perfect blades, stropping handle, and silver-plated frame, is sold in case complete at FIVE SHILLINGS

It is unnecessary to remove the Blade for Cleaning.

CLEMAK BLADES are now made from a heavy gauge of the finest quality Steel, and by a peculiar process of tempering they retain their edge longer than any other blade made.

CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR.

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU A CLEMAK.

Our Booklet will interest you.

Clemak Razor and Seven Blades, 5/-
Clemak Razor and Twelve Blades, 7/6
Standard Outfit with Strop, 10/6
Clemak Blades, per packet, 2/6

Of all Ironmongers, Stores, Cutlers, &c., or post free from the

Clemak Safety Razor Co.,
17, Billiter Street, London.

BRITISH MAKE
CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-
WITH SEVEN BLADES

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Publishing Office, 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Applications for Advertisement Space in "JOHN BULL" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: [illegible] 7217.